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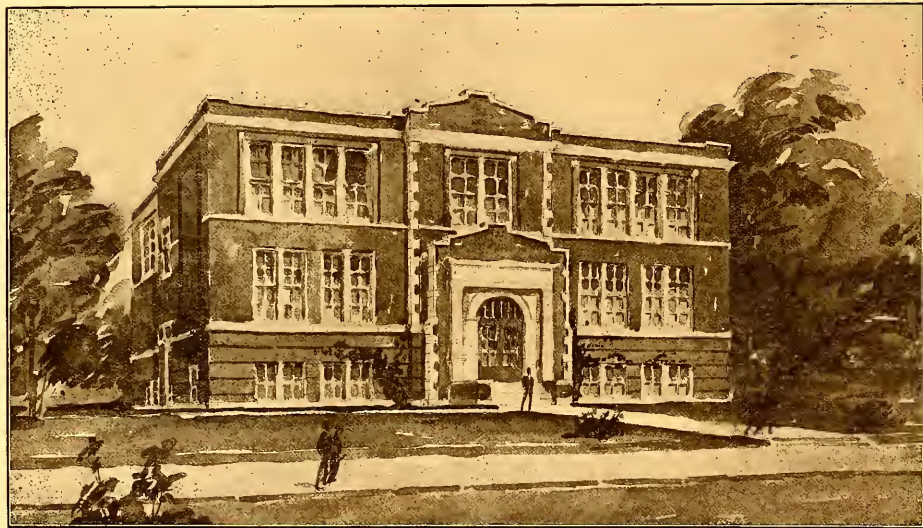
THE TOTEM

ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF THE
WINAMAC HIGH SCHOOL

1914

EDITED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS

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The New High School Building



TO THE FACULTY,
both present and past, who have laid
the corner-stone of our career, who
have devoted their best years to the
education of youth, and who have
shared the good fellowship of our
school life, this annual is unani-
mously dedicated by the
CLASS OF 1914.

Foreword

After four years spent in the Winamac High School, we have finally reached the time when we must sever all immediate associations with it. However, before doing so, it has fallen to us, as to all Senior classes in the last few years, to edit and publish an annual. We do this, not only that in future years we may have some memento to recall the happy days spent here and the many scenes and faces we would otherwise have forgotten, but also that the people of the community may know what we, as a school, are accomplishing in the different lines of work, that the alumni may be drawn nearer to the school and that we may show our desire to place our school among the best.

Before going any farther, we wish to thank the business men of the town for the aid they have given us in furthering this work and also our former teachers and the members of the alumni who have contributed to this work. We also acknowledge our great debt to our present teachers and the other classes of the high school who have aided us in every possible way.

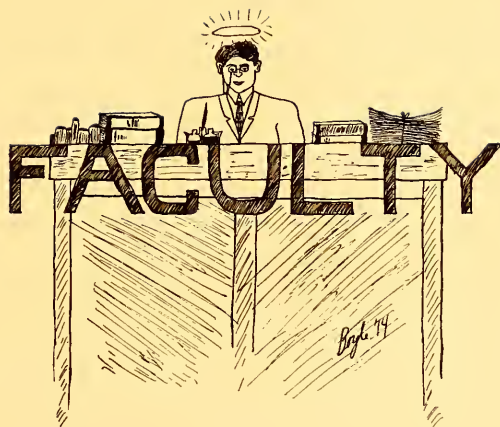
We hope that the reader in examining this annual will not judge us too harshly but will think of it as a work to which amateurs have devoted their best efforts.



The Totem Staff

TOP ROW—Joke Editor, Pearl Goodpaster; Cartoonist, Joe Boyle; Class Editor, Stella Tyle; Calendar Editor, Leroy Retherford; Assistant Editor-in-chief, Lorena Degner; Business Manager, Dudley Diggs.

BOTTOM ROW—Athletic Editor, Julius Henry; Faculty Representative, Miss Flora Frazier; Editor-in-chief, Walter Wendt; Class Historian, Nellie Galbreath; Assistant Editor-in-chief, Jennings Vurpillat.





J. M. GEISER
Superintendent

Indiana State Normal
Indiana University
History



C. H. RITTENHOUSE
Principal

B. S. & Pg. B. Valparaiso
University '11
Mathematics and Science



FLORA FRAZIER

Indiana University
A. B. '11 DePauw University
German and Latin



RUTH HENDRICKSON

Western College 1907-08
A. B. '11 Butler College
English



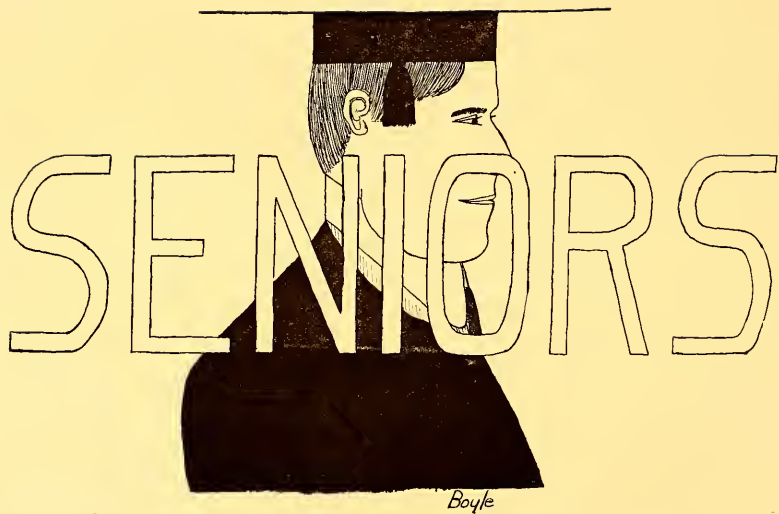
F. J. CAPOUCH

Indiana State Normal
Purdue
Manual Training and Agri-
culture



HAZEL HARKER

Thomas Normal Training
School '11
Music and Drawing





JULIUS HENRY

At last during his senior year this most puissant personage has revealed the inherent weakness of W. H. S. students by the inception of "amor res." Julius is a poet of some fame yet has aspirations to be the corn king of the U. S. A. However, he may also enter politics since he is very partial to the ardent co-ed mentioned elsewhere.

JANET KELLER

Demure unaffected maid who down deep in her heart has a great desire to stand for woman's rights. She is very patrician looking, careful of her appearance, possesses great skill as an artist but her mind refuses to connect when mathematics appear.

MARY DUKES

A romantic dreamer who loves intellectual people. She reads the Ladies' Home Journal for a philosophical hookey when the tests come training. Her motto is "Play too thick." Mary, however, has a bible cognomen and, therefore, is considered to be quite biblical.

JENNINGS VURPILLAT

"Jinks" is never "ruthless" in his judge of the fair sex, and this year he has often been seen as he trudges homeward on Sunday night. This, however, does not affect his energy and ambitions and he will some day come forth as a great, great



AGNES GRABNER

Agnes' aim is to get a diploma, cost what it may; consequently she is a brilliant student. Her light shines and influences others in striving for higher grades. She possesses a wonderful mind which she always has and always will use to a good effect.

ARTHUR KROFT

"Sugar-hair Arthur" joined us when we were Juniors. He is sad, sad indeed, this year for a certain "Rose," who made life on the old tennis ground pleasant for him, is now gone. However, he plods along, no doubt, with his eye fixed on the happy days to come.

ALICE BOWMAN

Alice is a quiet, very precise young lady from Pulas-ki. She has a mania for kodaking, getting a bunch of pictures almost every day. She is very shy but the reason for this may be that he does not live in Winamac. We are not certain of this as she only became a Senior here, this year.

DUDLEY DIGGS

Mr. Diggs is a composition of wit, wisdom and weariness. His private hobby is foolishness, and he engages in the practice of disseminating the mysteries of electricity as a standby. His joy and delight is to tarry between bells in the cloak room talking to the girls.



ALMA HAHN

Alma is a shy retiring maid and has little to say, however, a silent tongue is better than a noisy one and we feel sure that some day her good thoughts will come forward. She has been with us four years and has always been popular.

VIOLET STOUT

In our midst is a "violet" who came to us from Medaryville. Violet is small but mighty, particularly in her love affairs. She has entranced one boy from her own town but also has a pair of brown eyes for others as well.

THOMAS SMITH

Thomas is our progressive farmer. His secret intention (as divined by a certain Ream) is to write a volume upon the subject of, "How Cowpeas Came to be Called Cowpeas, and Various Other Hidden and Unexplained Mysteries of the Farm."

STELLA TYL

Stella will be the suffragette of the class, believe us. She lives in "Chi" and plans to cast her vote for Mr. Bryan when the happy moment of her success comes. Stella is the favorite of all but is afflicted with the disease called "giggles." We despair of her recovery.



NELLIE GALBREATH

Nellie is one of our diligent students winning hearts by her bright and happy disposition. She is a loyal worker in and out of school. Nellie intends to take up domestic science after graduation in order that "hubby" may receive a square meal.

RUTH MARCH

Ruth is a demure little little maid always ready to smile at one and to assist anyone in conversation. She is very partial to boys, especially Senior boys. She delights in keeping some "one" busy pulling down the blind by her window. She has a "pull" with the English teacher.

GEORGE KEY

Hon. G. W. K. has high ambitions in several lines. He has, as yet, not decided whether he will become an M. D., an inventor, a Prohibitionist senator in favor of woman suffrage, or something else. After he has once decided, however, you may feel sure he will get there with "a run and a jump."

MAUDE SHANK.

Maude has helped Ruth this year in the pleasurable occupation of whispering during school hours, but has always managed to escape detection. We fear she is looking forward to a life of single blessedness but are not certain as she only came to us this year.



AGNES CHAPMAN

This young lady, strange to say, has become more and more quiet this year. She is probably seeing visions of some dear face that answers to the call, "John." She joins nevertheless in all the good times of the Seniors and has always faithfully supported her class colors.

WALTER WENDT

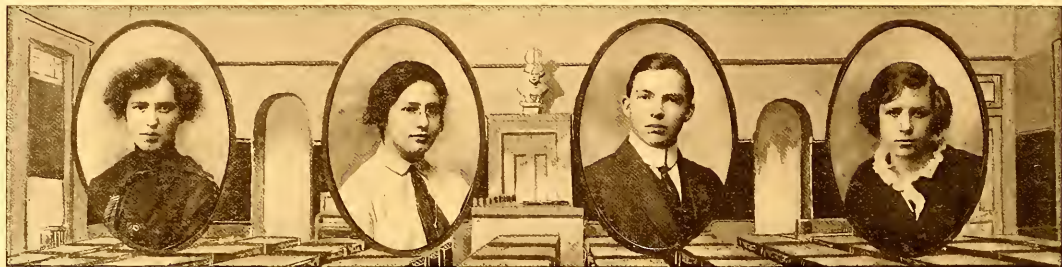
This distinguished young gentleman compares favorably with Samson in strength, with Solomon in wisdom and with Archimedes in brain power. He is unselfish, ever looking out for his friends and enemies alike. Brave as a lion, courteous as King Arthur, generous as Carnegie and possesses other good qualities too numerous to mention without a blemish in character. (By the Editor.)

PEARL GOODPASTER

As all classes must have jewels so our class keeps the Pearl to be our booster. In work, playing jokes, laughing and especially whispering you will find her heading the ranks of the Seniors. Her jolly nature certainly fits her for her position as joke editor of the "Totem."

EDITH BADER

Edith is the pianist of W. H. S. Without her we would be lost. Although she is very busy teaching "Hersh" and other pupils, she still finds time to make buttonholes and translate German so that she may graduate.



MABEL MORRISON

Of all the Seniors, none are so certain of themselves as Mabel. She has the admirable characteristic of never becoming confused under any circumstances and is always ready to stand for what she believes. These good qualities, together with others she possesses will carry her far toward her goal whatever it may be.

HAZEL MERRIMAN

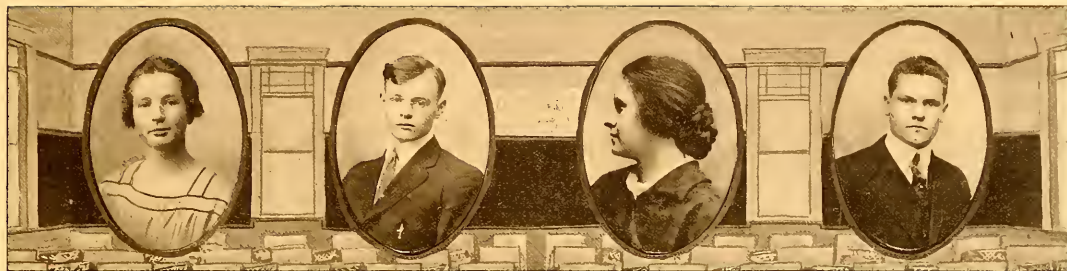
"Silent but persevering" is the old adage to which Hazel conforms. She has studied hard here but many a precious moment has gone to waste while she gazed over the assembly room at nothing. However, "only by gazing shalt thou learn" may be another maxim which she seeks to carry out.

HOMER BARKER

This lad upon entering W. H. S. was of a very amorous nature but this tendency has ceased and he is now as Emerson says, "mending his shell with the pearl of solitude." Homer has a quiet and peaceful manner which has won for him the friendship and respect of all.

FANNY CONN

Fanny is another of the industrious Seniors, more so than ever before as she does not have so many notes to read this year. She expects to teach school but we do not think she will be an "old maid school-marm" because—well, ask Cecil G.



LORENA DEGNER

Lorena is one of our ardent loyal co-eds, being a favorite with all sexes, especially of one of the opposite. Such trying times she has writing those little messages and when she cannot a spirit of restlessness comes over her that is hard to shake off. Yet she always manages to grind out the usual amount per day.

LEROY RETHERFORD

Roy and his funny noises have been ever present among the Seniors. He is an accomplished musician on such instruments as the mouth harp, Jew's harp and others. Besides that, he has some ability as a student and athlete. He, too, is an apostle of beautiful girls.

DOROTHEA MANDERS.

The most experienced young lady in the class in the art of making doll clothes and catching the attention of young gentlemen. Her ideas are quite long in proportion to her years spent in W. H. S. Dorothea is one who never quits, following the old motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

HARRY SMITH

"Smithy" stands at the head of the eccentrics of W. H. S. He is of a large physique, possesses a wondrous pompadour and is a great athlete, especially active in baseball. One of his failings is his liking for pretty girls which has cost him many a weary hour. Despite these qualities, Harry is a fine fellow and is always ready for whatever happens along.



GERTRUDE ALBERDING

This girl towers high above us especially in longitude. Gertrude is as quiet as a mouse ever-striving for a better department mark. Her private revel is dreaming, with studying as an occupation.

WILLIAM MOHR

This individual is noted as being the first to introduce the pompadour into W. H. S. "Bill" is rational in everything but woman suffrage and when it comes to that he is a Bull Moose. His "jinx" is girl's while farming is his greatest delight.

MABEL SMITH

Mabel's broad engaging smile and good common sense make her a general comrade to all. Mabel's thoughts often come so fast that she gets her tongue tangled in saying them all at once. She is looking forward to happy years of school-teaching.

KATIE BROWN

We know that Katie is the hardest worker in the class and she certainly merits the good grades which she always receives. Although she is lacking in fun, this is amply counterbalanced by her determined spirit which is sure to bring her excellent rewards and many friends.



ERMA KISTLER

Erma's most prominent characteristic is to fail to hear others recite in English IV but, being of a peaceable nature, always agrees with them. Erma, at times, becomes violent with anger but soon forgives and forgets. She is a favorite with all and will be a jolly memory to W. H. S.

MARY JACKSON

We certainly must apply some of Emerson's philosophy, "quality atones for quantity" in thinking of Mary. Her great need is a little more perpendicular capacity. She was a great friend to Caesar, Cireco and the other "Greats" and sad it will be to break away from these fond relations.

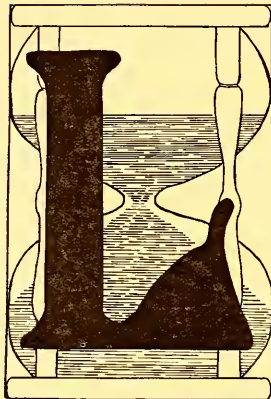
JOSEPH BOYLE

"Pat" is an Irishman and dearly loves the Shamrock green. He is a cartoonist of no mean worth and has a peculiar laugh which you would be sure to recognize, as it is original. He is a great admirer of girls with brown eyes but is not very bold, so you may know that there is "nothing doing."

ALTA FISHER

Alta is slow and easy-going, but she is not lazy; no, far from it. She always knows what she is talking about when she recites. She came to us this year to become a Senior and to take care of her small brother Levi.

Senior History



LIKE the sands in the hour glass our days in the W. H. S. will soon have been run through and we soon shall reach that destination to which we have looked for twelve years, a W. H. S. graduate.

We entered upon the last four years of this course September the twelfth, nineteen hundred ten. In spite of all the flings received from the upper classmen we were highly elated to be Freshmen and did not waver under our new tasks. We found the following teachers in charge: Superintendent Spaulding, from whom we learned all about the little germs; Mr. Berry, who had charge of the Algebra; Mr. Spencer, music and drawing. The class was so large that it was necessary to have two classes in English under Mr. Kinnick and Miss Diederich. Miss Stratton had charge of Latin and Miss Diederich of German.

Along with all our other work we were obliged to attend the crowning events of the year—the Freshman parties.

The next year we were glad to be Sophomores but sad to know that one of our members, Edward Cloud, had died the preceding summer.

We looked down with an eye of contempt on the Freshmen,

forgetting our own once awkward ways. The faculty was the same this year with the exception of Miss Belden, who was in charge of the position made vacant by Mr. Spencer's resignation. The Seniors entertained us royally at a Halloween party that year and we in return entertained them at Keller's Hall.

In the Junior year we realized that if we ever expected to write our names with the numerals, '14, we would have to get to work in earnest. This was impressed upon us more and more when we saw the new faculty. Here we found Mr. Legg for History and English; Miss Frazier, German III; Principal Olmstead, Geometry; Miss Harker, who had charge of Music and Drawing. At the end of the year we showed W. H. S. what we were able to do socially, first by presenting "What Happened to Jones" under the careful coaching of Mr. Olmstead and second by the Junior Reception. The most enjoyable part of the reception came when the Seniors all sat back and watched themselves go by at a reunion twenty years hence, as portrayed by the Juniors.

In the fall of 1913 we were finally Seniors. The pupils to join us from other schools being Alta Fisher, Maude Shank, Hazel Merriman, George Key, Homer Barker, Alice Bowman, and Violet Stout. We found Mr. Geiser presiding in the place which Mr. Spaulding had filled so faithfully for six years. Mr. Rittenhouse was the new principal and Miss Hendrickson was the Latin, Grammar and English teacher. Miss Harker was yet the songstress and Miss Frazier endeavored to make us enjoy Emerson.

The pupils who have traveled together during the twelve years are: Walter Wendt, Ruth March, Harry Smith, Fanny Conn, Janet Keller, Mary Dukes and Nellie Galbreath.

NELLIE GALBREATH, '14.

Senior Will

Know all men by these presents: That we, the members of the Senior Class of Winamac High School, in the county of Pulaski, and State of Indiana, considering the uncertainty of this life, and being of sound mind and memory, do make and declare, and publish, this our last will and testament.

FIRST: We give and bequeath unto our beloved fellow-scholars the Juniors, our seats on the south side of the assembly room in the Winamac High School, to have and to hold the same throughout their remaining years. We, also, leave them the oversight of the incoming Freshmen, expecting them to be model examples, and to teach all beginners concerning proper conduct in halls, assembly room and on the play ground.

SECOND: We give and bequeath to our beloved followers, the Sophomores, our excellent grades and marvelous deportment.

THIRD: Upon the Freshmen, we bestow our abundant supply of playthings, to be used frequently, but not to fall into the hands of the teachers.

FOURTH: To our teachers, we bequeath them our sincere sympathy during the future years.

FIFTH: We give and bequeath to Thomas Jackson, William Mohr's pompadour, to be kept in perfect condition so as to give height to his personage.

We bestow upon Elmer Long, Harry Smith's melodious voice and all profits and revenues therefrom, expecting it to influence him to be a second Caruso.

To Lillian Cox, we bequeath Mable Morrison's red hair and fiery temper to aid and abet those same qualities which she now possesses and hope that she may eventually rival "The Shrew" in Shakespeare's drama.

SIXTH: To Ross Wills, we give and bequeath Katie Braun's amiable disposition, reputation, excellent grades and good behavior, to be used and exercised frequently. To Fay Miller, we give and bequeath a little of Agnes Grabner's stoutness, that she may grow and flourish. We bestow upon James Hoover the fluent tongue of Hon. G. W. Key and expect to hear it properly demonstrated in the House of Representatives.

SEVENTH: To Georgia Ream, we bequeath the body and soul of Thomas Smith, to be guarded from all dangers and diseases. We bequeath to Otho Riffle the business way and ideas of Dudley Diggs, to be used next year in publishing the annual. To James Keplar we bestow Jennings Vurpillat's privilege of protecting and adoring all members of the fair sex that may enter on the north side of the assembly room.

EIGHTH: We do nominate and appoint the school board of the said Winamac High School to be the executor of this, our last will and testament.

In testimony whereof, we hereunto set our hand and seal, and publish and decree this to be our last will and testament, in the presence of the witnesses named below, this fourth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen.

(SEAL)

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Signed, sealed, declared and published by the said Senior Class as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

(SEAL)

ALUMNI

(SEAL)

FORMER TEACHERS.

Senior Eulogy

It has been said there are three elements in High School life: society, athletics and education; that it is impossible to be proficient in more than two of these lines, and that the first two are decidedly opposed to the third.

Although this statement does not apply, to a great extent, to our own High School, because it is not so large, is situated in a smaller community, and composed of students from both city and country—more the latter than the former—yet it holds good to a certain degree.

The “society” part of our career has been its pleasant feature. It has not been “society” in the true sense of the word, of which W. H. S. has experienced little, it being limited to our jolly class parties, receptions, and a few other activities. It is the friendliness, good-fellowship and hearty co-operation of our classmates, and the fond reminiscences of these associations we will cherish most after we have left its halls.

During our four years in W. H. S. we have seen the gradual

waning of her athletic prestige, due partly to lack of material and partly to the lack of interest on the part of the school and community. However, we have seen the introduction of basketball, and enthusiasm displayed in good games and teams. But for the most part our class has been inconspicuous in these pursuits.

It is in the last line, that of education, that the class has spent its energy and demonstrated its ability. For a class of our size we have been industrious and reliable in the way of getting our tasks and getting them well ever since we were Freshmen. In Language, Algebra, Geometry, Physics and English we have particularly shown our knowledge in difficult problems and assignments. We may declare, and not boastfully, and our teachers will agree, that it would be hard to find a more alert, enthusiastic, efficient, all-around-class with brighter prospects than the

CLASS '14.

J. V.

SENIOR ORGANIZATION.

President.....	DUDLEY DIGGS
Vice-President.....	MABEL SMITH
Secretary-Treasurer.....	LEROY RETHERFORD

Bluffing Your Way

Hurrah for school! We'll have our fun,
Although our work's not rightly done.
If we're not sure we know enough,
Then we'll rely on a chance to bluff.

In English class how we do smile—
And think it is quite worth our while—
To make a dash for the back row—
Perchance we can bluff it through, you know.

O, then we go to Geometry,
And listen quite attentively;
To show our skill we're not so slow,
Besides, we often bluff, you know.

In History III we all pretend
That we know just which points to blend;
If we can't tell of friend or foe,
Why, then we try to bluff, you know.

In Latin class we learn the story
Of Great Aeneas, and his glory;

'Tis really hard to get just so—
And harder yet to bluff, you know.

The German class, ne'er relate,
How many lines are left to fate;
Although the way indeed seems rough,
There always is some chance to bluff.

The sewing and design come weekly,
And we all answer the call meekly,
For we do like this kind of stuff
Wherein there's no need of bluff.

But as exams approach, O my!
From every corner you hear a sigh,
We think we cannot learn enough,
So eagerly we prepare our bluff.

Alas! When we get our cards, 'tis true
We feel mighty dog-gone blue—
"Regular dummies," they all say,
"Who always tried to bluff their way."

Moral—Don't be a bluffer.

LORAH STANFIELD, '15.



Junior Class

FIRST ROW—Charles Cary, Otho Riffle, Earl Lavengood, Lawrence Riemenschneider, James Keplar, James Hoover.

SECOND ROW—Ona Hahn, Ocie Lowry, Emma Ross, Lucy Zellers, Agnes Miller, Lorah Stanfield, Nellie Boyle.

THIRD ROW—Iva Nitzschke, Helen Hagenbush, Walter Mitchell, Helen Parrott, May Stark, Cora Hartwick.

JUNIOR ORGANIZATION.

President..... LUCY ZELLERS

Vice President.....EMMA ROSS

Secretary-Treasurer.....ONA HAHN

Junior History



books, candy and notes mysteriously found their way around the room "just for fun."

As Freshmen, our career was quite uneventful except of

GLANCING over the body of students in the assembly room, you could not help recognizing the conspicuous happy-hearted and intelligent faces of twenty-one Juniors.

For the past three years we have toiled and struggled with troubles and lessons, but at the same time we have had exceedingly good times either at the expense of the faculty or the Freshmen. During the study periods, when we were supposed to be intent upon our

course, in receiving our share of the tricks and jokes bestowed so generously upon us. The next year we were no longer "Freshies" scorned and laughed at, but Sophomores allied to the Seniors and esteemed by all classes.

So much for that, we will tell you something more important. Did you see the Junior play? See Millicent find her prince and enter "The Kingdom of Heart's Content?" This play was presented before the public February the twentieth. It was a great success; the proceeds were used for purchasing a memorial for the school.

At our class parties joy always reigns supreme, but at present we are all anticipating with pleasure what will be to us the most important event of the season, the Junior-Senior reception.

We Juniors have all decided to graduate with an unquestioned reputation. The class also hopes to have the honor of being the first to be graduated from the new high school building and we only insist that the old proverb, "Too good to be true," will not prove true this time.



Sophomore Class

FIRST ROW—Howard Hodgen, Addie Fritz, Ross Wills, Hobart Dennis, Gill Gordon, Carl Brucker, Hubert Shine, Henry Grabner, Charles Smith.

SECOND ROW—Alma Shaw, Ruth Freeman, Hilda Corbett, Myrtle Kilander, Gladys Kelso, Violet Metz, Irene Kistler, Marcella Hoover, Lillian Cox, Pearl Wilson.

THIRD ROW—Clarence Stipp, Lloyd Weldy, Alpha Hoesel, Earl Vanscoyk, Willie Cox, Cloyde Lavengood.

SOPHOMORE ORGANIZATION.

President.....	MYRTLE KILANDER
Vice President.....	HOBART DENNIS
Secretary-Treasurer.....	HOWARD HODGEN

Sophomore History



ies," September, 1913. We were initiated into all the mysterious branches of Latin and Algebra, reading between the lines for the hidden meaning, mastering wonderfully well all the "un-

DOUBT it will surprise you when you hear that twenty-six of us survived the trials and tribulations of a Freshman, and have advanced into a higher sphere, receiving the appellation of "Sophomore." It did seem to us that the scorns and ridicule would never end. Now we deem it a great privilege to bestow numerous scornful epithets upon those poor innocent "freshies."

Like everybody else we entered as "the green fresh-

ies," conjugating the verb "liebe," and delving into other depths.

To the girls, Botany seemed very interesting, especially those little trips that were taken frequently. Writing English themes was always pleasant when they brought back an A. Under the guidance of such able-bodied students as Myrtle Kilander and Hobart Dennis we pulled through all the troubles and hope to come back next fall as full-fledged Juniors.

Now, as before, we are a studious progressive class of students, the pride of the school. The knowledge that we have acquired in our various studies is all stored up in our craniums for future use.

The class as a whole is a very talented one, possessing some good athletes, who have won laurels in basket-ball; several pretty, studious maidens and several other very talkative "pianolas."

We have not had any very splendid social functions, but at our class parties we always enjoy ourselves.

We hope that the future may be bright for us, that we may receive our diplomas in 1916 as a reward for our four years of labor.

The Sophomores

The Sophomores, the Sophomores,
They make a merry class;
I will describe them all for you,
From the biggest boy to the smallest lass

First comes plump little Henry—
That big, three-hundred-pound lad—
And he is always either eating
Or looking extremely sad.

Next comes the Hoby boy—
The big, brawny lad,
Who spends the most of his time
Getting little boys in bad.

Then comes sour little Elmer,
Who tells us what is what;
And if you don't heed him
You can be sure to get a swat.

Next comes our "Bowser,"
Who is a darling boy;
And Nina with all her charms
Fills his heart with joy.

And there is our lean Hodgen—
That big, lengthy guy,
Who says if he ever missed a lesson
He would be sure to die.

We hold as our queen Marcella,
A red-cheeked, sturdy lass,
Who always has her lessons
Best of all her class.

Then there is gay little Myrtle,
A prim and neat little girl,
Who is sure to have a fit
When she finds her hair won't curl.

Next comes the noble Gill,
The boy with very great talents;
But if you ever heard him laugh
You would think him off his balance.

Next comes the wee Alpha,
A small, saint-like lad;
It would surprise me very much
To see him once get mad.

Then there is Lloyd Weldy,
Commonly known as Hans,
The only trouble with him is,
That he wears tight fitting pants.

Then comes his brother Fritz,
Who thinks a good bit of the girls,
But the one he likes best
Is the girl with the long brown curls.

Next comes little Alma,
Who always says "I don't care,"
But I wonder if she would say that
If she ever saw a bear.

Then comes pert little Lillie,
Who is sure but slow;
She spends all of her time
Trying to find a beau.

Next come Charlie and Willie—
Two lads of the same type;
They always get in trouble
When water melons are ripe.

There are Buck, Earl, and Jerry—
Three lads who ought to be brothers,
Because their greatest delight
Is teasing and worrying their mothers.

Next come Irma, Violet, Ruth, and Hilda—
Four girls who are very hardy;
There is one thing that I can say for them—
It is that they are never tardy.

Then there is little Gladys,
Who has many cunning ways;
But she always wears a sour look
On rainy and stormy days.

Then there are Cloyde and Hubert—
One short, the other long—
They don't have the craving for lessons
That they have for a jolly good song.

There is only one thing
For which we all hope and pray,
It is that we will all be Juniors
A year from this very day.

CARL BRUCKER, '16.

The Teachers of 1914

Here's to the teachers of the year fourteen,
Who teach the Freshmen, young and green;
They try their luck on the Sophomores, I guess.
I hope to goodness they have had success.

Miss Harker teaches Music I,
And you can bet we have some fun,
For Freddy dear, the darling chap,
Will crack a joke and then she'll clap.

"Sandy" teaches History class
And then comes Freshman Algebra.
When the noon bell rings, "At last," he'll say,
"I've done enough work for one whole day."

F stands for Flora Frazier,
Who makes us work and calls it pleasure

To see the little Latin "kids"
Study so hard they burst their "lids."

Miss Hendrickson doth English teach;
She makes us give our little speech.
And then to see if we really know 'em
She makes us each write a charming poem.

Geiser teaches Civics Four;
As soon as we hear him open the door,
The kids yell "Jiggers," and forevermore
The angels over their books do pore.

But now my stock is running low,
And Papa says, "To bed you go."
So give three cheers for the teachers here
And three for our High we love so dear.

LUCY AGNEW, '17.



Freshman Class

FIRST ROW—Mary Henry, Lucy Agnew, Hazel Degner, Mary Prechtel, Levi Fisher, Fay Miller, Hazel Featherston, Georgie Ream, Blanche Rhode.

SECOND ROW—George DeJinger, Frank Boyle, Lulu Coffield, Fred Reinhardt, Nina Aery, Eva Shrine, Esther Johnson, Foster Rearick.

THIRD ROW—Orvel Crim, Gladys Hahn, Ruth Knapp, Thomas Jackson, Richard Falvey, Grant Chapman, June Moody.

FRESHMAN ORGANIZATION.

President.....	LEVI FISHER
Vice President.....	GLADYS HAHN
Secretary-Treasurer.....	FAY MILLER

Freshman History



thirty-one members. Now, on account of various reasons, six members have left our midst, thus making a mem-

WONDERFUL "Freshies" have finally given up our dolls and other playthings in order that we may follow in the footsteps of our predecessors in learning and better ideals of life. We entered this institution September the eighth and oh—my—I how those upper classmen did laugh at us and do yet.

Such are the trials of the forlorn "Freshies." What we lacked in quality was made up by quantity, for the class was composed of

bership of only twenty-five. We hope to grow by the time we have reached the Senior year.

As a whole we are a very brilliant class in all lines of work, especially in conjugating words like "amo" and "liebe." Under the guidance of the skillful hand of Mr. Geiser, our superintendent, we held a class meeting at the beginning of the year for the purpose of electing officers. Now, in all such meetings, each individual exercises the right to vote, even the girls, for we are ardent advocates of woman suffrage.

Class parties are our chief delight. Then it is that we can go back to our old habits and customs of playing like infants, such games as "Pussy in the Corner," and "Hide and Seek."

We have not a wonderful history, but a more intelligent group of faces (you will agree when you have looked on the opposite page) could not be seen anywhere.

We hope to leave a wonderful record, one which will surpass all previous classes that have graduated. In years to come perhaps you will probably hear of the renowned class of 1917, who were once the "infant freshies" of 1914.

A Greeting From the Philippines

Long ago, when the light of Athenian civilization was just beginning to twinkle on the horizon of history, the Greeks who, departed from their native cities to seek their fortunes in other lands, had a beautiful custom of carrying the memories of the old home into the new. They bore the embers from the sacred altar of home to the new altar, wherever it might be. The fires were carefully kept alive and cared for throughout the journey and then were never allowed to die out. So, when the Greek came to his worship, it was, if you please, a sacred memory of his home land before which he prostrated himself.

We respect the ancient Greek pagan for his devotion to his native city and laud him to the skies for his steadfast patriotism. But there never lived Spartan or Athenian who had greater love and fidelity for his native land and city than does the growing crowd of graduates from our High School, for the sacred fount of their knowledge.

Today, they are going out and filling the various fields of legitimate human endeavor, with honor and growing usefulness. In every land we can find their "foot prints on the sands" and, if out of curiosity we should follow those tracks, we would find very few "hares" sleeping under the wayside bushes, but each one a "tortoise" pushing steadily ahead at the thing he has in hand.

As the years roll on, our family of graduates grows larger and larger. Each one is a modern Columbus, taking his stand at the wheel of some enterprise that he expects to guide successfully to its final port and thereby make the world better. The sacred fires of Memory are being carried and worshipped to-day, in every part of the world, by our graduates. It is with pleasure

that I tell you that there is no part of my life here which gives me so much satisfaction as the quiet hours when I rest and meditate upon the pleasant memories of by-gone High School days. Perhaps you would like to know some of the things I do besides "meditate." Here in this limited space I can do no more than briefly outline the work I do.

Schools here are the same in nearly every way as those of the States. The High School is organized upon much the same plan. Our students do not accomplish quite as much work as you do in English. Their work is not so good as yours in Composition but it is better in many respects in Literature. Even though the work done in Composition is not so good as yours, taken as a whole, still we have, occasionally, some excellent work in both prose and poetry. In History, the students here are better, not because of superior ability but because of greater application to the task in hand. In Mathematics and the Sciences—Botany, Biology and Physics—their work compares favorably with yours. We have in this school a better equipped laboratory than W. H. S. formerly had. Physics is probably the most difficult, for the students are sadly deficient in experience. The modern improvements have not penetrated the Philippines far beyond Manila.

The boys and girls of the High Schools here are a little older, taken on the average, than the students in W. H. S. They have, consequently, more fixed ideas as to why they study and so stick more closely to their purpose of obtaining the greatest good from their opportunities. Therefore working among them is a rare pleasure and my time has been spent in a thorough enjoyment of all the new experiences that have come my way.

Even though others may do more work, no one, I am sure, derives greater benefits and a more lasting reward than a student of the Winamac High School. He learns to conjugate the verb "TO BE" in all its modes and tenses, and when he graduates he is able to declare to all the world the definite and convincing statement, "I AM."

Let me then extend a welcome to all the new graduates of

W. H. S. and close with a word of admonition. Put your shoulder to the wheel of Life; grasp every task with the hand of Alexander and do your best in every case, for:

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth, and every thing that's in it,

And—what is more—you'll be a Man, my son!"

HOMER L. MORRISON, '10.

Greetings From Our Former Teachers

The kind invitation extended me by the management of the "Totem" to occupy a little space in the 1914 issue affords much pleasure and an opportunity to say a few words of greeting to the pupils, teachers and friends of Winamac High School. The memory of my six years' work in the Winamac Schools is, I assure you, a most pleasant one. The spirit of the school is splendid, and I am confident that the spirit of loyalty to Old Winamac High on the part of its student body will not be permitted to wane, but will take on increased devotion as the years go by. Remember, it is the spirit of the student body that makes or unmakes the school. You, young people, have it in your power to bring the Winamac Schools to better days and to better accomplishments than any these may have enjoyed in the past. May those who may be graduated this year go forth from the cherished old walls loyal supporters, not only of the alma mater, but of the great public school system throughout our entire country—the public school system, the hope for the safety and liberty of our beloved land!

With best wishes for a pleasant commencement season to the graduating class, I am, very sincerely,

C. E. SPAULDING.

Please accept my sincerest thanks for the fact that you are remembering me, and, through Miss Nellie Galbreath, ask me to send greetings to the school through the "Totem." I shall cherish as one of the happy periods of my life the years I spent in the Winamac High School. You may be sure I hesitated seriously before deciding to pull stakes there. Can it be possible that those tender Freshmen, who furnished me so much entertainment (and work) are now wearing long dresses, stepping out into the world? I seem no farther along the race-course and you are overtaking me. I was once a fellow-senior in a college with a young woman, whom I had helped to graduate out of High School. The paradox of life is that while you are young and think that time progresses slowly, you are really advancing rapidly; in later life, when time seems fairly to fly, you will gain by comparatively slow stages. But you will wish it possible to turn the hands of the clock back. I envy you these joyous High School days. I hope this will nestle down among some messages from Mr. Spaulding, Miss Stratton, and Miss Diederich. Please be assured of my heartiest wish for your happiness and success.

Sincerely yours,

CLAUDE KINNICK.

The months have slipped away so quickly it seems hard to realize the "Totem" again demands our attention. Doubtless these months have brought to the '14 class great gains from class work and class fellowship. We scarcely need to remind each other of the opportunities available. Real education now means the learning to use one's scholarship so that the fullness of life is brought to the individual, and back to the world sources is given the fruitfulness of energy well expended.

To the Class of '14 congratulations for the work accomplished, and sincere good wishes for the work to come. Long life and success to the "Totem."

ALICE MARION BELDEN.

PAST.

I have only to shut my eyes and I see you all, you Sophomores as you sat in the old assembly room, fighting your battles with Caesar or proving your superior reasoning power along the Q. E. D. line.

PRESENT.

But that was two years ago and soon you'll be clutching a diploma and repeating, "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

FUTURE.

So I want to say that since I liked you tremendously as Sophomores I have great hopes for your future and therefore speed you wholeheartedly on your way.

ETHEL STRATTON.

Latin Department Thornton Township High School.

Another year is about to issue its call for trained workmen, and may you answer it with a hearty response is my wish. Athletic victories you would win for your "dear old High;" but now, a greater victory you must win for a greater race you will run. Full well can I know the anxieties preparatory to commence-

ment, for I, too, am a school-boy. However we can not stop and wait for that one day, but "we must hasten on" to meet the new responsibilities which it will bring. With best wishes to all I remain, your friend,

BYRON S. LEGG.

Civilization is the organized conquest of nature, both within and without. Society has enabled you to reach your present attainments in the battle with your inward natures. In this season of joy and hope and fond recollection, remember the world lies before you. Are you ready for the conquest? My earnest wish is that your aim be lofty and that you accomplish what you attempt. Sincerely,

H. P. WALKER.

It is with great pleasure that I look back upon the short time spent in Winamac High School. While I did not have the pleasure of hearing the strongest members of the Class of '14 recite, I rejoice in the fact that I was permitted to render aid to those who needed it most. With best wishes to all for a happy and successful life, I remain, your faithful servant,

D. E. SITES.

Most thoroughly do I appreciate this opportunity to greet again the Class of 1914, and renew through the pages of the "Totem" friendships long since formed in the school-room.

Though, at present, engaged in the legal profession, it is always with a feeling of pride and satisfaction that I learn of the progress of my former pupils. And so your kind and generous invitation enlightens me concerning the splendid advancement you have made during the preceding four years, in the field of education.

Your coming commencement, no doubt marks the completion of schooling for some members of the class, and they must face

the future, with its duties, its interests and temptations; with its possibilities of failure as well as success. But I trust that the lessons learned, and the strength of intellect obtained in the school-room, may enable them successfully to meet all the responsibilities of life and to realize their each and every ambition.

Trusting the "Totem" will be a great success, I again congratulate the members of the class on having successfully completed the High School Course. Your former teacher and friend,

VIRGIL E. BERRY.

◆◆◆
The interest my former pupils have shown in me, by asking for an account of my life history since leaving Winamac, certainly is appreciated and I only wish I could narrate adventures worth listening to. If it were not for the policy of "Watchful Waiting" I no doubt could tell how I blew up Huerta's palace by wireless and could recall the many hair-raising episodes whose resultant is a pompadour. But as it has been, history has not recorded much.

On leaving Winamac I tried the simple life in an effort to recuperate from the loss of nervous energy, spent in constantly watching a certain High School attendant, endowed with baseball and other inclinations. After plowing corn for two weeks, a mule, (bought from the Mule Legg Co.) informed me in a no uncertain way that it was time to leave. So, urged on by a sudden impulse, I started for the city. Mr. Rebuke, of Sears Re-

buke, on hearing my intentions intercepted me by wireless, asking if I would be so kind as to run the business and handle his private correspondence while he took a little run around Europe. After much persuasion I consented to run things for a year and am still at it. While I am making many millions, (for the company) still there is not the satisfaction that comes from watching the young mind, under one's own guidance, bud and blossom out in all its beauty. I never fully realized this until the other day I received a letter from one of my former pupils which I will let you read:

"Seers, Roebuck Co.

Dere Sears

Whenn ain't youse goin to senn that order I made youse lass week! i order 1x550 one Save Thousands of Steps 'an ain't heerd from it now youse get a lump on or I put my attorney on youse and I'll knock yer block off when I go up their. Now if I dont get it by Sat. senn me money back.

Yours truly

P. M. Senn by Eggspress. What will the frate be if sent by eggspress?

There was no name signed, but I at once recognized the beligerent handwriting of George.

Whenever you come to the city, call 52-J—Glen Ellyn, and you will be shown a good time. Or if at Ringling's watch for the wire selection in the south ring, evening performance only. Success to the Seniors.

RAY C. OLMSTEAD.

Types

We hear of different types of persons and it is also true of High School types. We have been repeatedly presented to the pale, thin young lady who goes about with a dictionary under her arm in contrast with the fat girl who giggles and chews

gum. There is also the Latin-crammed boy in contrast to the sport who never studies. If you stood in the High School corridors the following would be typical:



First you will see the athletic girl who always finds time for a little tennis or basket ball regardless of weather and work. It is she who encourages the team in football, leads the yells, and paints the town red when a victory is won. She knows how to wear a middy and look graceful in it and it usually has a great big red tie in front.



Cometh now two magnanimous feet, a twain of long legs, a thorax like a bullfrog's, a pernicious jaw and hair on top. He is our athlete. Bind fast your doors O ye of W. H. S. lest he carry them off like Samson of old. But who is to beat those carpets and plow that forty? Well may he accumulate might and muscle unto himself that he may carry the work of the world with Atlantean endurance.



Ah! Here is Euphrosyne herself. Notice the \$ marks on her frock. They will only catch the wandering Counts and Lords the sooner. 'Tis she for whom the diamonds are mined, lobsters boiled, and the poor skunks skinned. She's abroad with a Siren's voice and No. 4 hooks (and eyes) to catch unsuspecting suckers in the Hymeneal pools, so beware!

Then comes up the stairs, one step at a time, our dignified, independent girl. She is self-elated because she is not a "mush of concession" and has no bonnie laddie to whom she must write a note. Her sarcasm is unique and the government, teachers and the weather all come in for their share of it. Besides thinking of "Votes for Women" she is wondering who'll start the fire on those cold winter days in the little red school house and whether the children out in Franklin behave well.

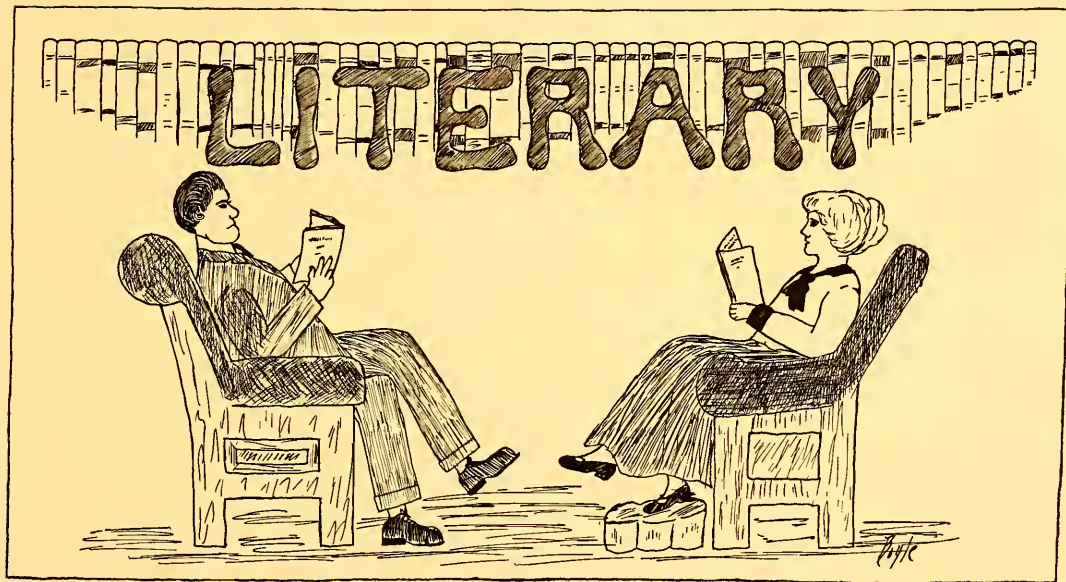


Here at eight, calm and sedate is our studious type, a rare species. 'Tis he to whom the special topics are meted out like the beadle's treatise, for whom the difficult questions and problems pop up in class like mushrooms. But he drinks it down and gathers them all and lo! when the grade cards are passed out "within himself he is content" and he takes his stand on the side of the just. So for department St. Peter's advance agent has signed him up on his golden book and—so has Santa Claus.



Smell that rubber burning in the radiator! Here comes from the basement our mischievous sport. Needless to say he has no watch. Eut what if he does smoke a Fatima or a Havana Manro once in a while? Who would put up the flag and defend it till dawn so the little coeds could clap their wee hands and take pictures of it? Without him our athletes would be threadbare and the pennant trust would be compelled to dissolve. "Eat, drink and be merry" and there will be no stringency in the money market.





Into the Dawn

Out of the blank blackness of the low doorway and into the stillness of night, glided the small, dark figure of Julie, and ascended the narrow, twining path that led to the white-slab-bedecked summit of the hill. At the end of the path she paused, catching her breath quickly, and clutching the throat of her shabby dress as she leaned against a large tombstone. Something in the night was calling her—she must get away from her wearisome life for awhile.

Below her lay the low, shambling shanty—her home. The soothing light from the drowsy moon softly touched the homely hut huddled before the snowy, outstretched arms of giant sycamores, transfiguring its deformity into perfect beauty and mercifully concealing its broken windows and unpainted boards. It illumined the daisy meadow below to a dazzling whiteness.

"Ah, tonight it all is so wonderful! The big sleepy moon, he make it beautiful—everything beautiful—for me!" cried Julie joyously clasping her hands.

Then she was aware of another's presence and turning she saw the huge figure of her cousin, Dave, whom the country people unjustly called "Crazy." She saw that in the shadowy brightness of night, his simple face was unnaturally beautiful. In the half-light his unkempt hair seemed to curl darkly around his white temples and his child-eyes grew wonderfully expressive. The neck of his torn shirt was open, leaving his strong throat bare, and tonight, with his large head thrown back, he had a certain god-like handsomeness.

"Why, Dave, why do you come here at this time o' night?" asked the half-frightened girl.

"You come, too! Why? I want Lil. Maybe if I stay here, maybe sometime she'll come back. The flowers want her, too.

See—I bring 'ese to tell her so!" cried the poor "idiot," kneeling and carefully lifting a large white wreath of meadow daisies.

"I want Lil, too, Dave. This here place aint like it was before Lil—went away. She was all I had—my only sister. O, Dave, you know how I must miss her! She always did sorta understand you and you always liked her.

"Aint everything beautiful tonight, Dave? The daisies glimmer like millions of stars. How Lil loved the daisies! I know she would just love to have your wreath—to hold it close to her pale little cheek that outshone even the daisies in purity—like she used to do when you brought her flowers all these long years she's been sick. She always said God sent you to her, Dave, so that when she couldn't walk no more you would walk for her. Ah, yes, I think Lil 'd love the daisies. But she couldn't take them with her. Nobody can. But perhaps she don't even want to—perhaps she has daisies all her own, where she can pick them herself. But she's glad to know you still pick these for her."

A spontaneous light of understanding seemed to shine forth on the boy's face and to replace its look of simpleness.

"I know. Dave knows and understands. Lil ain't a comin' back now—sometime she will come back and then I'll pick the flowers for her. She couldn't take these daisies with her—these are our daisies—the fields an' hills an' all. Nobody can take anything away from the world, Julie. They only take for awhile, and they give it all back—yes, they give it all back. Nobody has anything here—not even the grass that last covers them—nor the sand. They're only borrowed for a time, and in the end, all of earth a person has got, returns to this old earth."

"Yes, yes, Dave! But Lil don't want to keep anything of this here earth. She don't need it now!"

Lost in thought, the two sat on an old log, gazing with eyes that saw not at the little white stone that marked Lil's last earthly resting place. Slowly, the big moon, deepening in color, slid under the dark, tree-shaggy horizon. Then gradually, as in fear, pink dawn crept in. Below, the cocks crowed, waken-

ing the sleeping households. And suddenly the whole earth seemed overwhelmed with the burning brilliancy of the sunrise. The penetrating light pitilessly revealed the distortedness of the hut below, the bareness of the ground.

And Julie noiselessly descended the hill and slipped back into the shanty. Then she began to build the morning fire.

HELEN PARROTT.

The Missing Link

The water dripped through the poorly constructed roof and collected in pools on the floor. The fisherman's recent wedding had necessitated the building of an addition to his hut. It became more spacious, but hardly more comfortable, for ever since it was enlarged the rains found their way through the newly made joints in the roof and annoyed the occupants. At this time, more than ever, it disturbed his mind for already something had arisen to estrange the fisherman and his bride.

The water fell in pools from the fisherman's slicker as he stood before the little rain beaten window. A row of lowlying hovels like his own, with a fleet of luggers and yawls lay along the beach a short distance from the shore. At its southern end tall Barnegat Light stood out dull and gray against the blue. Presently a large steam yacht, clearing the straits, thrust its white bulk from behind the light. It was the new ship of the Old Dominion Line, the "Belle Aurore." The view was quite filmy owing to the rain, and the leaden smoke hung low over her port side as she advanced threading her way through the storm. The seaman, however, could see that she was the staunchest, most graceful ship that ever put through Barnegat Straits.

Ben cried out more cheerily than usual "Sy Li-iz! Come peep

Old Dominio's new liner, wid her bows as invitin' as a chunk of Podyhunk sidemeat. Its the 'Belly Roar.' " No answer. He called again. Sure she had stopped at Cally Ann's when the squall stopped her clam-gathering. He strode over to the door, an ex-window, between the two small rooms. His big trammel lay partly unmeshed on the floor with its long rent still there. The shower would bring in the mackerel and the shad, but with that net his prospects of a haul were rather slim. Why didn't Liz fix that net? He crossed again to the window. He would mend it himself if he had the patience. His thoughts turned to a flask in the old cupboard. He had resolved to let it alone; but that hadn't been so long ago; and nobody knew it and— well, who cared? After several furtive glances he went over to the cupboard. Even then he hesitated; he didn't need it; and he had seen how Jim and Polly got along without it; he had promised himself—but he opened the door and took out the flask. Providence seemed to be on his side for it was empty.

The rain stopped as suddenly as it had commenced. It was one of those swiftly passing summer showers which leave the skies blue, the grass glad, and gives a refreshing odor to the sands. The eaves were still dripping as Ben left the hut and ap-

proached the shore. The stern of the "Belle Aurore" was still in sight on the horizon. Already the sturdy Jerseymen were piling their nets into the bows and making ready to put out. He came up to Cally Ann, who was carrying a bucket of floats. She had seen Liz going over the hill toward Barnacle before the rain set in.

What could she want at the village? The mail packet would not come in till Saturday and the "Belle Aurore" hadn't brought any on her first trip. Then, as he hurried homeward, a hard thought struck him. Would she dare? Several times she had threatened; but hadn't he re— but he hadn't told her. He bolted into the house. She hadn't returned. He again opened the cupboard. Her clam money was gone.

He set out for Barnacle at once, distressed and ill at ease. He did not notice in the southwest the dull, coppery brown spot, ever increasing on the horizon. It was an equinoctial Bermuda hurricane and boded ill for the sea and the Jersey coast.

Immediately the fishermen changed their purpose and beaching their dories, half carried, half dragged them hurriedly up to their cabins. In their eagerness to make their own meager possessions safe they forgot the steamer, now well out of sight.

Ben distracted, suspected what was his wife's object. She must have left while he was spinning yarns at the life station. There was for him only one object in her departure. She had left, as she had threatened, for her home in Virginia. When he reached the packet-landing everyone was a-hustle making fast the skiffs, jolly-boats, and everything that was movable in the path of the gale. Frenzied, he learned that she had left on the "Belle Aurore" when that ship had stopped for coal.

Surely the ship would put back. Barnegat was the only inlet for seventy miles of the Jersey coast and she couldn't be more than ten miles out. A strong blast nearly swept him off his feet. He ran against the wind to Barnacle Wireless. She had, a short time before, signalled her return course, and putting on all

steam, was again in sight when the gale struck her. The ship was not making it well. She was new, and her crew had never handled her, or any other, in such a gale. She was coming in fast, too fast, for the shoals would smash her. Seemingly hesitating she turned to and from the tempest, with such violent convulsions as she hit the sea troughs, that her two masts were gone already. None the less for that for she had already given the distress signal.

Everybody, at least all the heavy weights, seemed to be at the Barnegat Life Station. No life boats could be launched and they couldn't hold enough oarsmen to make the ship even were she near enough. She was still too far out for the two lyle guns to shoot a line. Spike Billson was trying to rig up an old howitzer his grandfather had saved from an 1812 frigate.

Everyone wasn't there, for when Ben reached his sadly demolished little landing there was Cally Ann plying a maul trying to make more secure the hawser of his catboat, the "Lamantine." Folks said she had been scared out o' half her wits when old Ike's coffin lid fell down. As for Ben, he had determined his course. The good woman was dazed to see him start to rig up the gaff and sail. Learning the reason she tried hard to prevent him, but when she saw her tears and protests were weightless, she begged to go along, declaring she also had nothing to live for, being a widow; that Liz was her best friend, and that she could be of some help in managing the boat. She got in, too, and since there wasn't time to put her out, Ben had to let her stay. He had a hard time putting off, but once off the "Sea cow" made the high sea more deftly than her name would imply. With Cally at the tiller and Ben at the ropes she seemed to skim over the deep troughs and squelch the high waves with her wide beam. Notwithstanding, they were roughly handled, and the widow was drenched and it was by sheer luck that they came near the stricken ship.

Liz, terror stricken, had seen the familar craft approaching

and stood by the rail wildly waving her arms. As the catboat neared the ship the two were at a loss to know how they would get her off. If they should be able to get a line aboard Liz would be too weak or excited to make it fast and descend, and if they came too near, the waves would crush the small boat against the side. Ben might be able to get aboard but Cally, as he thought, couldn't control the boat. As he stood in the pit looking eagerly forward, one foot in the middle of a coil of rope, Cally made fast the tiller and stealthily tied a slipnoose around the foot.

The wind and waves hurried them toward the vessel. None of the passengers would think of changing their place, however perilous, for one in that little craft, and much less would they jump down into it. But Liz, as soon as the sailboat struck the side, leaped frantically—and missed. The boat again struck and would have crushed her had she not gone down between. Ben made a mad dive after her. He caught her by the clothing and they clung to each other with a vise like grasp, but they were being washed under the ship. With sinking heart he felt the bolts and steel plates of the keel. But he felt something too tugging at his foot and grabbed it. He had held his breath as long as he could and must take a breath of that awful green haze.

Poor Cally Ann didn't lose what wits she had left, when the rope uncoiled after his sudden leap, but she pulled her hardest on that rope and Ben was almost gone, and his wife already unconscious, when he was dragged aboard the catboat.

Between reviving the two and giving the boat a hand, Cally had her hands full. But as soon as Ben was revived he left Liz to the widow while he attempted to make the straits to the bay; for the sea was running too high to land the sailboat on the shore.

Spike's contraption succeeded in getting a line aboard the "Belle Aurore" and most of the passengers and crew were saved by the breeches buoy, but the next morning saw her wreckage washed up to the very doors of the fishermen's cots.

The story spread like chicken-pox, thanks to Cally Ann, and soon the old "salts" of the village filed in to hear the couple's story. All agreed that "McGinty had nothing on Ben;" "Davy Jones had been cheated out o' two more" and that "It was a good thing Cally Ann got a line on everybody in Barnegat settlement."

Now the "little brown jug of joy" is always empty, the cottage has a good foundation, and Ben has patched up those holes in the division of the roof, for now directly beneath a cradle rocks.

JENNINGS VURPILLAT.



“Tippecanoe”

Back in the ages departed, when the red man came to this country,
And traveled the broad plains everywhere, and built his lodges of birch bark;
Scouting and roaming the forests, and hunting the deer and the bison,
He chanced to find in his wanderings, a beautiful river of winding,
Flowing with bright dancing wavelets, in the sunlight of early morning
Over the deeps in calmness, and over the shallows in rapids;
Mossy banks bordered on both sides, with a hunting-ground good for an Indian;
Broad flowing plains for the grazers, and woods for the home of the red deer,
Forests teeming with wild fowl, and ponds with the muskrat and beaver;
From the southward came flying the wild goose, to live through the season in marshes,
And the fox squirrel chattered in the oak tree, making all notice his lordship.
Then the red man took of the forest, and made him a home from the birch-bark,
Hunted the forests for wild game, and angled the river for fishes,
Made him a boat for sailing, a canoe from the tough yellow birch-bark,
Rode and sailed at his pleasure, swift or slow as he wished it;
Lived in pleasure and plenty, on the prizes of forest and river,
Thus enjoying himself so immensely, there was peace in the heart of the red man.
“What shall we name this river?” said the chief as he spoke to his people,
“It affords us convenience and pleasure; we should find a name suitable for it.”
Then a youth gaily decked in bright feathers, prizes of his hunts in the forest,
Placed on the clear depths of the river, a canoe which his own hand had fashioned;
Sped his canoe through the water, with a paddle made from the ash tree,
Churned up the depths with his paddle, thus leaving an eddy behind him;
Saw the lazy turtles lie basking, in the sweltering heat of the noon-day,
Saw the stately herd of the red deer, as they bounded off through the forest,
Saw the rabbit hop from the thicket, and sit up in his curious amazement.
But the Indian was dreaming and thoughtful, and he heeded not of their actions.



He was not on a hunting trip this day, but trying to solve a great problem;
Then, lo! to the south and the westward, the sky was streaked with lightning,
And from above came a roaring, and a sound of echoing thunder,
The wind began rising and blowing, and tossing the tree-tops in fury,
Rolling the waves in huge billows, lifting the canoe on the white-caps,
And tossed the light structure of birch-bark, like a leaflet in eddying currents.
The Indian awoke from his dreaming, and started to go back homeward,
When a sudden gust of the west wind, overtipped his canoe on the water.
Threw the Indian into the river, and greatly dampened his feathers.
Then out through the water the Indian strove with the stroke of a swimmer,
Quickly reached the shoreline, and trudged his way back homeward,
Stalking into the village wet, and with dripping tresses,
"Wind tip 'e canoe" said the Indian "and threw me in big river."
"I thank you, brave," said the chieftan, "You have added a coup to your headdress.
Tippecanoe let us name this stream, upon whose banks we are dwelling."
Now the race of the Indian has vanished, and bowed 'neath the yoke of the white man;
No more do their gallant birch-barks skim over this river of winding,
No more are their sombre wigwams seen on the banks of the river,
No more is smoked the peacepipe, 'round the council fires of the red-man.
Now the white-man in all his power, is holding the lands of the Indian,
Marring the handwork of nature, with buildings and modern devices,
Changing the shores of the river with dams and conventional bridges;
The timber is cut from the forests, robbing the land of its beauty;
No more is the peaceful river left to flow on it's journey in freedom.
But it's waters are harnessed with mill wheels, and made to work for the white-man.
But, alas! for the poor savage red-man, away to the westward in the twilight's half-gloom,
His mind travels backward in his loving remembrance, to the scenes on the river,
where his young heart delighted,
And in his fond dreaming he sees the little grey hawk hang aloft in the air,
And the sly red fox, as he trots here and there
For all his heart lies buried there, in that vale with the "Tippecanoe."

GEORGE W. KEY.

Essays

With Due Apologies to Emerson

THE PESSIMIST.

The Pessimist is a serious sort of a person. He attends all funerals in spirit just as the little old woman in bonnet and shawl attends them in person. He proclaims to anyone who will listen, that the coroner has sat upon all hope, and that hope is more dead than Deadville on Sunday afternoon. Yet in the gloomy shadow of the belief that there is no more hope, he hopes for the worst and is the acme of inconsistency. If any pessimist ever managed to get by St. Peter he would kick because the halo of light shed from the Saint hurt his eyes; but it is more probable that most pessimists are kicking about too much light and heat in the other port of missing men. He is quite sure that love is a delusion and bitter to the taste. He is also equally sure that there is no such thing as love, and isn't sure that there are lovers, yet he has always been in love with himself.

There never was a sincere, consistent, pessimist, because if any pessimist be sincere enough to be consistent he discovers that he cannot be a proper pessimist without being optimistic about the possibilities of pessimism. When this happens the pessimist ties his face in a hard knot and then looks over his shoulder to see if anyone caught him in the act. In other words, a pessimist is an optimist who is afraid to laugh at himself.

THE OPTIMIST.

An optimist is a man who tries to find a silver spoon in every garbage can. He falls down stairs and on regaining consciousness ascribes the act as one predestined by fate to teach him a lesson. He never bothers trouble until it trips him up and even then he turns around and shakes hands with the evil doer and calls him a prince in disguise. He can find the silver lining of his dark clouds, although he has been floating astride his own chimney for three days in a second deluge. If the optimist is a politician he never elects a "dark horse," but will cause a deadlock for days. He runs a needle through his thumb and is thankful that it wasn't a piece of gas pipe; he has hope, although he has been hanging for seven days from an air castle, five thousand feet in the air, by a piece of number forty wire attached to his smallest toe. An optimist is a "gold brick" that hates to be filtered.

WHY BOOKS MULTIPLY.

In the origination of a book a man by the name of Scribbleton writes a libretto called "The Husbands of Lucy." It scores a big success and a reporter from the "Daily Grind" interviews the author. Other reporters come until the writer begins to wonder if he isn't a real genius on the subject. He gets out

another volume entitled "How I Came to Write 'The Husbands of Lucy.'" Then Littleman Lackatopic publishes one entitled "The Home Life of Scribbleton," and Susan Spoilpaper takes her pen in hand and produces "The Character of Lucy; Is She Typical?" Next Albert Alsowrote comes out with "Scribbleton—An Appreciation, and J. Jumpup calls his "Is Scribbleton Over-rated?"

Scribbleton is pretty sure that he is not overrated, and he likes the taste of royalties, so he tries again; this time calling it "Moonlight Rays on a Country Highway;" a Sequel to "The Husbands of Lucy." In the meantime Oliver Goldsmith Sharp-nose Sneakaround has published "The Debt Scribbleton Owes Realwriter."

After a while Scribbleton dies, and his wife breaks forth

with "Some Unfinished Works by Scribbleton," and Isaac Ink-slinger produces "The Scribbleton I knew," and G. Gumshoe "Scribbleton's Serious Love for His Wife." The reporter who first interviewed him steps to the front with "Scribbleton and Other Celebrities I Have Interviewed."

Then appear "Scribbleton's Place in Literature," by Jury Jugde'em'all, and "Scribbleton's Letters," by Wm. Correspondent Manufacturer.

There is no knowing how far it might go, but fortunately a new author appears upon the scene, whose works are immediately admired, and Scribbleton is of no more consequence than a dictionary in a balloon ascension. Thus we have grounds and themes for the good books that are the "Life bloods of the Master Spirits, embalmed and treasured up for an eternal life."

JULIUS HENRY.

"Bowser" Ross Wills

(With Apologies to Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem.")

"Bowser" Ross Wills (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke in English from a deep dream of peace,
And saw standing before him in the room,
Like the recording angel before the tomb,
The teacher writing in the book of doom:
Exceeding whispers made our "Bowser" bold,
And to the teacher in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The teacher raised her head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those who grades afford."
"And is mine one?" said "Bowser." "Nay, not so,"
Replied the teacher. Bowser spoke more low,
But sleepily still; and said, "Pray thee now
Write me as one who loves a row."
The teacher wrote, and dismissed. The next day
She came again with her little book of doom,
And showed the names whom love of grades had blessed,
And lo! "Bowser's" name followed all the rest.

ELMER LONG.



"The Kingdom of Heart's Content"



"Green Stockings"

Class Plays

"Green Stockings"

On Friday night, May 15, the Senior play, "Green Stockings," was staged. The play was a brilliant success from the beginning.

The leading roles, played by Walter Wendt, Stella Tyl and Mabel Smith, were very well done, and all the play was well acted, due to the good training of Mr. Rittenhouse.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

William Faraday, a widower.....	Jennings Vurpillat
Admiral Grice, retired.....	Leroy Retherford
Robert Tarver, engaged to Phyllis.....	Julius Henry
James Raleigh { Young men.....	{ Dudley Diggs
Henry Steele {	{ Win. Mohr
Col. Smith, alias Col. Vavasour.....	Walter Wendt
Martin, the family servant.....	Homer Barker
Celia Faraday, with a sense of humor.....	Stella Tyl
Madge (Mrs. Rockingham).....	Dorothea Manders
Evelyn (Lady Trenchard).....	Lorena Degner
Phyllis Faraday, youngest daughter.....	Ruth March
Mrs. Christholm Faraday, Aunt Ida of Chicago.....	Mabel Smith

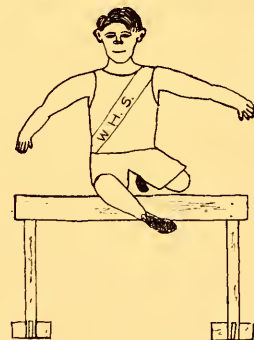
"The Kingdom of Heart's Content"

The Juniors appeared in their first theatrical attempt on Friday night, February 20th, in "The Kingdom of Heart's Content." The house was a record breaker, and the amount netted from the play was large.

The play was, as a whole, very good, being well directed by the joint efforts of Miss Hendrickson and Prof. Geiser. The following were the cast:

Tom Lansing, a Senior in Law.....	Max McKinnis
Miles Alden, a Boston Law Student.....	Lawrence Riemenschneider
Sidney Hilton, A Senior Card Sharp.....	Earl Lavengood
Billy Merrill, a little Freshman.....	Fred Linn
Ralph Lawrence, a Foot-ball Coach.....	Harold Dennis
The Burg'lar, a Knight of the Jimmy.....	Walter Mitchell
Millicent Merrill, in search of her Prince.....	Emma Ross
Shirley Hathaway, who thinks the world of Ralph.....	Ocie Lowry
Dixie Davis, a Superstitious Southern Coed.....	Helen Parrott
Madge Lansing, Hostess at Sing Sing Cottage.....	Ona Hahn
Eloise Elmer, A Devotee of Art and Adjectives.....	Cora Hartwick
Frances Palmer, With Literary Aspirations.....	Helen Hagenbush
Gretchen Lansing, Who Wants to Grow Up.....	Nellie Boyle
Any Dean, A Coed who loves Football.....	Agnes Miller
Pauline Thayer { Known as {	Lorah Stanfield
Judith Gray { Punch & Judy.....	{ Mae Stark
Mrs. Wilberton, Aunt of Madge, Gretchen and Tom.....	Lucy Zellers
Tilly, the maid who "Lofes de Putter Boy".....	Iva Nitzschke

ATHLETICS



BOYLE



Basket Ball Line-Up

Hobart Dennis (Capt.).....	Forward
Harold Dennis.....	Forward
Fred Linn.....	Forward
Howard Hodgen.....	Center
Julius Henry.....	Guard
Harry Smith.....	Guard
Addis Fritz (not in picture).....	Guard

Basket Ball

As usual basket ball was the leading sport of the early fall. The boys met at the beginning of the term and elected Hobart Dennis captain, Fred Linn, manager, while Jennings Vurpillat wielded the pen as secretary and Mr. Capouch was given the privilege of carrying the money sack to the bank.

The interest in basket ball was not so great this year as it had been the preceding year. At the beginning of the training season, very few appeared regularly on the court and consequently they were never in very good shape. Mention must also be made here of the vigorous and efficient coaching of Messrs. Rittenhouse and Capouch who presided over two practice games.

After a week of practice a game was played with Francesville. The boys were easily victorious, out-playing the visitors in every department of the game and ending with a large score in their favor. The next week a game was played with Kewanna from which W. H. S. returned "on the long end of the score."

Two more games were played in as many weeks, both of which resulted in victories.

With the coming of bad weather, efforts were made to secure a hall for indoor events but because of various reasons, a suitable one could not be found.

Thus ended the basket ball season of 1913-14.

The base ball team was organized and ready for games before the track season opened, but lack of interest in securing games put baseball on the shelf. Perhaps we will yet schedule a couple of games with some fast team, probably Logansport. The following boys made this year's team: Hobart Dennis, c; Harry Smith, p; Roy Retherford, 1b; Richard Falvey, 2b; Harold Dennis (Capt.), 3b; Addis Fritz, lf; Joe Boyle, cf; Frank Boyle, rf.

DREAMS OF CAPTAIN HOBE.

A man on third; two batters out;
Two runs would win the game,
If he could make a home run clout
Deathless would be his fame.
He hitched his grimy trousers up
And spat upon his hands;
He pulled his cap low o'er his eyes
And faced the howling stands.
"Three balls!" The fans yelled with delight,
"Two strikes!" the umpire said.
He knocked the third ball out of sight.
And then—fell out of bed.



Track Meet

On Friday, May 8, there were at least two circuses in Indiana. Our track team saw the clowns perform here Friday evening, while at Burnettsville in the afternoon they—well to put it mildly “were defeated.” The score was 77 to 31—yes 77 to 31, no mistake. We are not a school that has an alibi for every defeat, but everyone will admit that it's pretty tough on a team for two men to get sick a day or two before, and another to get hurt in the progress of the meet. Hobe Dennis and Kroft were our main point winners, Kroft carrying off four seconds, while Hobe took our two firsts and three thirds. Someone said the reason Smith vaulted so high was because one of the girls got his goat and he went up in the air. “Smithy” surely went high, too, going 9 ft. 9 in., better than he himself thought he could do. Hobe got

a good lead in the 440 and kept it all the way, easily beating the rest of the bunch. Kroft made a grandstand finish in the half when he ran around two men in the last 100 yards and finished second. It was generally conceded that we would lose the meet, but by a much smaller score. The score would have been closer if “Peck” and Hodgen had been well enough to enter and “Heddie's” leg had not gone bad. The boys had to run around the block in most of the races and, as the track was muddy, no world's records were made. Another feature against our team was the manner in which they had to run the hurdles. There was only one set of hurdles and each runner had to run separately. But what's the use to talk about it now, maybe it will be better next year.

100 YARD DASH—

Winamac, Hobe Dennis 1st, Kroft 2nd.
Burnettsville, Otto 3d.

220 YARD DASH—

Burnettsville, Otto 1st.
Winamac, Kroft 2d, Hobe Dennis 3d.

440 YARD DASH—

Winamac, Hobe Dennis 1st.
Burnettsville, Mourer 2d, Girard 3d.

HALF MILE RUN—

Burnettsville, Tam 1st, Brookie 3d.
Winamac, Kroft 2d.

ONE MILE RUN—

Burnettsville, Tam 1st, Brookie 2d.
Winamac, Hobe Dennis 3d.

220 YARD HURDLES—

Burnettsville, Otto 1st, Girard 3d.
Winamac, Kroft 2d.

120 YARD HURDLES—

Burnettsville, Musselman 1st, Girard 2d.
Winamac, Harold Dennis 3d.

POLE VAULT—

Burnettsville, Musselman 1st, Otto 3d.
Winamac, Smith 2d.

SHOT PUT—

Burnettsville, Otto 1st, Musselman 2d.
Winamac, Fritz 3d.

DISCUS HURL—

Burnettsville, Otto 1st, Musselman 2d, Good 3d.

HIGH JUMP—

Burnettsville, Graham 1st, Musselman 2d.
Winamac, Hobe Dennis, 3d.

BROAD JUMP—

Burnettsville, Otto 1st, Graham 2d.
Winamac, Smith 3d.

TOTALS—Winamac, 31; Burnettsville, 77.

HIGH MEN—Kroft, 12; Hobe, 13; Musselman, 19; Otto, 27.

Social Events

JUNIOR HAY-RIDE.

November 24, the valiant Juniors, armed with umbrellas, rubbers, and raincoats, journeyed into the country to the home of Miss Ocie Lowry to enjoy a delightful evening. They were late getting started, late arriving and late leaving, but they enjoyed themselves notwithstanding. During the course of the evening they played every game they used to know and a few new ones. Delicious refreshments were served, pumpkin pie being the favorite. They adjourned to arrive home—late.

THE SENIOR HALLOWE'EN.

On Hallowe'en, a merry bunch of Seniors walked out to Miss Nellie Galbreath's. As they neared the house, ghosts and witches were discovered by the light of the powerful search-light. They were enthusiastically greeted at the door by the hostess and led into the dim interior. The ghosts and witches disappeared to come forth, smiling, as the entertainment committee and join in the jokes and Hallowe'en prophecies which everyone seemed to enjoy, as one would believe by the uproarious laughter that greeted each one. Everyone had his fortune told and the majority were pleased with their future, especially Mr. Rittenhouse, who was to marry a suffragette and was to have a very troubled married life.

After each one had received his fortune from the witch in her grewsome hovel, refreshments were served. This consisted of all kinds of sandwiches, with pickles, pumpkin pie and cider. Oh, that cider, that wicked cider! It ended the entertainment and almost ended two of our most worthy Seniors! The apples should have been enjoyed by everyone, but they had been shined carefully, placed in a beautiful dish, put in the cupboard and—left there!

With the search-light and fire-arms again in vogue, the weary but happy Seniors plodded homeward.

SENIORS GO ON A HAY-RIDE.

Very few ventured out to the next party of the Seniors which was given at Miss Alice Bowman's. They did not walk this time but went with the aid of, was it a hay-ladder? "Whether we rise or fall, we'll all hang together" was their motto. After going about three miles out of the way to pick up three tittle Seniors, they finally reached their destination. After they became thawed out, they all joined in the games, some of which were new, but were played with great success. Miss Agnes Miller and Miss Edith Hoffman were guests of the evening, Miss Miller carrying off the prize, which was a black-faced "Snookums." Delicious refreshments were served and apples distributed freely, after which the Seniors climbed upon the hay-ladders and rode home by the light of the moon and on sound waves generated by their own sonorous voices.

JUNIOR PARTY.

On January 7, the Juniors were royally entertained at the home of James Hoover. This time they went in a grain wagon. Arriving there they entered immediately into lively games. Among them was a game called pageants in which each Junior was able to show his acting ability. These amateur actors and actresses were in the Junior play. Refreshments were served which everyone enjoyed, for who does not enjoy the "eats?" The return trip was made in diverse ways. The grain wagon was very diligent in striking every stone in the road and as this proved too "jarring" for some young ladies, they were escorted home in a more pleasant manner.

SOPHOMORE PARTY.

On the beautiful eve of January 16, 1914, Violet Metz entertained the Sophomore Class and a few other of her friends at her home, three miles west of town. Games were played; among the most interesting were, spy, pageants and fortune-telling. In the last the glorious futures of some of our class-mates were foretold. Another game was Grandmother's Garden, Hilda Corbett receiving the box of candy which was awarded for having guessed the most kinds of flowers. Partners were then chosen and refreshments served, a number of boys drinking to the health of the partners with the delicious beverage—cider! After playing another game, they all departed at a very early (?) hour.

FRESHMAN PARTY.

February 6, the Freshman class and several friends journeyed to the home of Albert Galbreath, for the spring party. After a chilly drive of about four miles, we reached our destination and were glad to toast our feet around the fire. The evening program was enthusiastically rendered. Games were played from "Ring Around Rosy," to "Take Your Girl to the Circus." The refreshments were enjoyed by all, especially the boys, who declared their liking for the cider. We started home thru the beautiful storm and came into town very early. (?) The homeward ride was enjoyed by everyone excepting those who didn't have umbrellas and muffs.

SOPHOMORE PARTY.

On February 13, we, the Sophomore class, started about 6:30 for Marcella Hoover's. Every one was in good spirits. It was a cold frosty night, but one when we delight to be out. There were about twenty of our class and four visitors. We had only one bob-sled, so the space allotted to each one can be estimated. Of the accidents happened on the way perhaps the most worthy of mention was Gill Gordon's fall from the wagon

and Babe Kelso's solicitous efforts in reinstating him to his former comfortable position. Having arrived at 8:30, musical numbers on piano and violin were enjoyed. Games were played until a very late hour, after which dainty refreshments were served and we departed for home.

SENIORS' ST. VALENTINE PARTY.

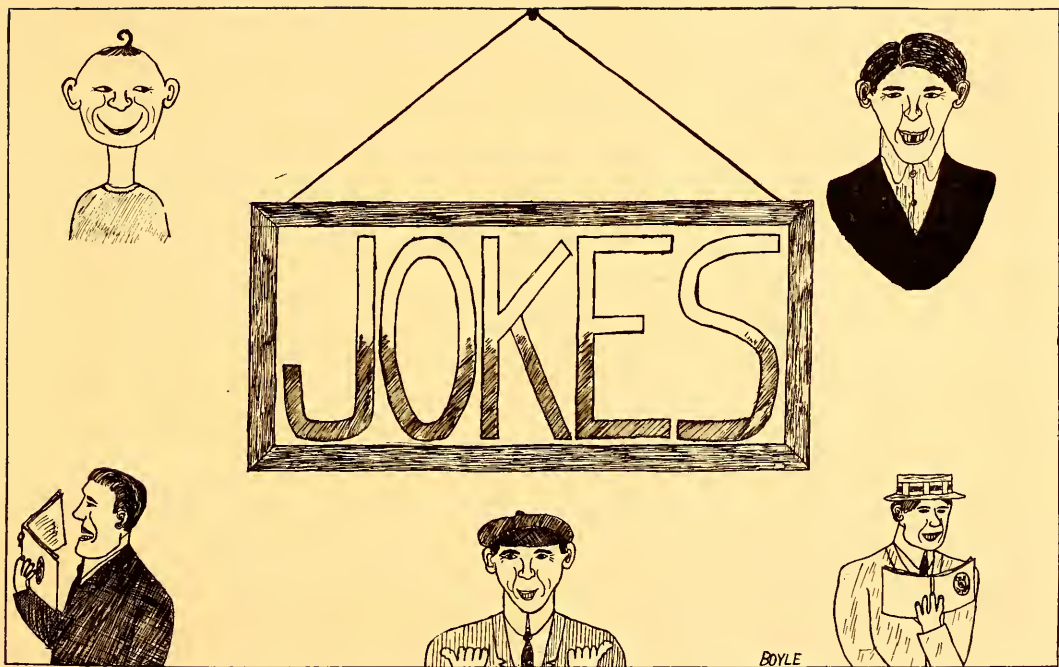
The Seniors were splendidly entertained at the home of Miss Ruth March, on Friday evening February 13. The rooms were decorated with hearts and draped in white and pink paper. One large heart was found, for which the decorating committee earnestly endeavored to find an owner. They were successful, for in the course of the evening it was found to belong to Jennings Vurpillat. Games were played and refreshments served, after which all joined in singing the High School songs. The evening pleasantly ended, with the playing of the Seniors' favorite game, "Wink."

WEDNESDAY EXERCISES

Throughout the year, Wednesday morning has been given over to devotional exercises conducted by our local ministers as well as visiting singers and speakers, and many interesting talks and musical numbers rendered by different High School students. Some of the subjects treated were: "The Mexican Problem" by Jennings Vurpillat, which reviewed the trouble and aroused our patriotism; "International Peace Measures" was discussed by Julius Henry; Dudley Diggs, our electrician, explained the "Keokuk Enterprise" which was almost beyond us; George Key carried us through a maze of "Medical Discoveries;" Walter Wendt explained the "Plans and Cost of the Panama Canal;" the problems of "Strikes and Labor Unions" were set forth by Leroy and "Conservation of Forests" by William Mohr.

Interspersed with these weighty subjects were readings and songs by the Junior and Senior classes and the different High School quartets.





Miss Hendrickson (Eng. I.)—Foster, what predicament was Antonio in at the beginning of the "Merchant of Venice?"

Foster—He was in love.

Miss H.—Well, that is a bad enough predicament for any man.

Miss Harker (chorus morning, passing copies of "Miller's Wooing")—Harry, don't you like that song?

Harry S.—Not particularly.

Miss Harker—Oh, I should think you would!

Kroft—Was "punch" on the bill of fare at the Freshman party?

Barker—Well, Levi spilt some on it but the girls wiped it off.

Dudley (reading from Hamlet)—The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath, and in the cup an onion shall be throw—.

Mr. Geiser (Hist. III.)—I always place the good-looking people on the front row.

Charles Carey (from the rear)—Say, let me out fellows, I've got in the wrong pew.

Fred Linn—They tell me Jim Hoover lost a Latin book?

Elmer L.—Yes, he was asking me if I had seen anything of his pony.

Rittenhouse (in Physics)—Homer, what is the unit of mass in our own system?

Homer—(Think!) (Think!)

Rittenhouse—How much do you weigh?

Homer (hesitatingly)—A pound.

Geiser (grasping naughty Freshie and shaking him)—Young man, I think Satan must have a hold on you.

Naughty Freshie—I think so too.

Miss Hendrickson (Eng. I.)—Where was Shakespeare born?

Frank Boyle—The Westminster Abbey.

Miss Frazier—What is all that confusion in the Senior row?

Gertrude A—Julius and Dudley are reciting poetry.

Nellie G. (reciting in Eng. IV.)—You say things in a letter to your friends that mean a good deal to you, but you wouldn't want anyone else to read it.

Harry S.—Haw! Haw!

Miss F.—Harry seems to have had some experience in that line.

Miss Hendrickson (Gram. IV.)—Julius, were you talking?

Julius—No, mam.

Miss Hendrickson—Weren't you whispering a minute ago?

Julius—I haven't got any watch!

Miss H.—You may go to the office!

(The rest is—silence.)

F—ierce lessons.

L—ate hours.

U—nexpected company.

N—ot prepared.

K—icked out.

Celebrities

Portia.....	Mary Dukes
Bismarck.....	John Seidel
Cicero.....	Jennings Vurpillat
The original Pocahontas.....	Lillian Cox
The Sphinx.....	Elmer Long
The Great Stone Face.....	Cora Hartwick
Sport from Broadway.....	James Keplar
The Hoosier, Mrs. Pankhurst.....	Lorena
Ichabod Crane.....	Jim Hoover
Rip Van Winkle.....	Carl Brucker
Rip's wife.....	Ruth Knapp
Minnehaha.....	Ocie Lowry
Johnny Wise.....	Thomas Jackson
Jeff and Mutt.....	Orville and Howard
Ty Cobb.....	Hobart Dennis
Paderewski.....	Leroy R.
Madame Melba.....	Marcella H.
Bert, the Bareback Rider.....	James H.
Woodrow Wilson's successor.....	George K.
Champion Slow Boy.....	Frank Boyle

Classification

APPELLATION	COMPARISON	CONTRAST	FLAVOR OR NATIONALITY	EXPECTS TO—
H. SMITH.....	Brutus.....	Dogfish.....	Heathen.....	Do everybody
G. SEIDEL.....	Ivory (solid).....	Bismarck.....	Irish.....	Do what's left
INA NIT(?).....	Pocahontas.....	Tilliehaha.....	Greek.....	Do housework
ROY RETHERFORD.....	Hercules.....	Carp.....	Lemon.....	Be a quack
VIOLET.....	Helen (of Troy).....	Cleopatra.....	Crushed violet.....	Mildew
GEORGE KEY.....	Jchabod.....	Sand hill crane.....	Barneo.....	Marry rich
MARY JACKSON.....	Mrs. T. Thumb.....	Gertrude.....	Sugar.....	Grow
MABLE M.....	Ophelia.....	Guinevere.....	Persimmon.....	Vote
ORVILLE CRIM.....	Sphere.....	Courtplaster.....	Battery.....	Learn to float (?)
HENRY GRABNER.....	G. O. P.....	Eel.....	Niller.....	Reduce
PEARL G.....	Phonograph.....	Sphinx.....	Talkative.....	Be heard
KATIE BROWN.....	Mrs. Rameses II.....	Anything slow.....	Coca Cola.....	Be busy
HAM LONG.....	"The Seven Sleepers".....	Caesar.....	Fatima.....	Hibernate
TOM JACKSON.....	Snookums.....	Goblin.....	Garlic.....	Longitudinate
RITTY.....	Carrot.....	Beet (dead).....	Hindoo.....	Yawn
FISHER.....	Visigoth.....	Zebra.....	Buggy.....	Be re-elected
HOBE H.....	Burley Ike.....	Ruff-on-rats.....	Asafetida.....	Fight Johnson
LORENA.....	Hecate.....	Diana.....	Nectar.....	Marry a senator

"Isch-Ki-Bibbel"

Exists there a senior with soul so dead,
 Who never to said senior said,
 As he held in his hands his aching head,
 And sincerely wished he was in bed,
 With his English and his Physics read,
 "Isch-ki-bibbel!"

Clubs

Vest and Tie Club

Members

Hobe Dennis	Fred Reinhart
Roy Retherford	Albert Galbreath
Red	Dudley Diggs

Local Application Club

Motto—"Strike where Mam' used to."

Officers

Administrator.....	C. H. Rittenhouse
1st Recipient.....	Ross Wills
2nd Recipient.....	Albert G.
1st Mourner.....	Nina Aery
2nd Mourner.....	Mary Dukes

Prospective Members

Henry Grabner	Fred R.
Hobe D.	Julius H.

"Chicken" Fanciers' Club

First Viewer.....	Harry Smith
Best Judge.....	Dud D.
Time-keeper.....	Court House Clock
Prospective member (?).....	W. Wendt

(By Jo and Jenks)



Th' Bingville Bugle sez D. Dud Diggs, D.D. has invented a door that Kin be used fer entrance and exit.

Ike Filips sez he's in favor of the initiation, end-fer-end-ern and recoil of judges. Miss Sally Hop and jump says she likes St. Vitus' Dance better'n th' tango. The reason th' Oak Grove offishals don't stop graft is becuz they've got thely hands full.

Dac Yak gave Rittenhorse a highpendermick t'other day fer th' rounp. His conjestion haint been right sense he cum back from Logan. Schnitz Grabner let out the seem in his overalls t'other day.

A goat butted Geyser through a fence onct "J. M." sez that goat left an impression with him.

Ham Long sez that girls, cigarettes and Algebra are th' ruination of young men.



Th' women Profs went fishin' t'other day, Miss Harker caught a catfish, Miss Frazier a turtle and Miss Hendrickson caught a cold. Miss Harker sez th' way t' Ketch catfish is to use mice fer bait.

What's becum of the old time High School pupil who liked his teacher?



After some of us get to skule in th' mornin' the biggest part of oor day's work is done by gosh.

Th' teller that's allers knockin' th' teachers is generally th' one that'd have nervous prostration if he got back a paper with 100% on it.

Bill Mohr had an edge put on his pompy door t'other day.

Levi Fisher sez he thinks German's th' easiest study. Levi is a Latin student.



CALENDAR



SEPT.

- 22—Miss F. (in Amer. Lit.) "Now we come to the prettiest scene of all—Priscilla swimming—I mean spinning." (Boys laugh.)
- 24—James Hoover suspected of having a pony. All livery barns thoroughly searched.
- 25—Physics IV. find the value of $\pi(e)$. I wonder if we didn't all know it before?
- 26—Wonder of wonders! Mabel M. in all her dignity and feathers becomes flustered in History IV.
- 29—Cloudy day—Freshmen enjoy the cute, little, electric lights.
- 30—Miss Harker promises us a new song for Christmas. Live on, Hope on!

SEPTEMBER.

- 7—First day of school. Freshmen busy looking through their books at the pictures.
- 8—Harry Smith, James Keplar, et al, earn vast sums showing the Freshies around.
- 10—Miss Harker becomes acquainted with Mr. Rittenhouse.
- 11—Senior accounts balanced. Our treasurer, W. Wendt, is seen with a five-cent cake of licorice.
- 14—Freshmen enjoy the melodious peals of the call bells as played by Prof. J. M. Geiser.
- 18—Levi Fisher, by acclamation, is chosen carrier of the Freshman green.

OCTOBER.

- 1—Mr. Geiser informs us that whispering makes girls homely. How quiet our teachers must have been!
- 2—Hon. Geo. W. Key gives us a sensiferous lecture on the Thanmaturgical theory.
- 3—Addie Fritz appears with his physiogomy adorned with "spees."
- 6—Mary Henry caught not whispering.
- 8—General Chorus: "Soldiers of Peace." Oh, wilt thou never die?
- 9—"Heine" Grabner knocks the dictionary down. No wonder.
- 13—No school this week. Institute.
- 20—Mice in recitation room. Harry S. has nervous prostration.
- 21—Gill Gordon, not being able to escape the temptation of feminine charms, falls from the straight and narrow path.
- 22—Freshman class meeting. All teachers present to preserve order.
- 24—Senior party. Too much hard cider.
- 30—New York Giants lose world's championship series. Ask Harry.
- 31—Mr. Geiser asks Walter M. to stand up straight for his sake.



OCT.



NOV.

- any of its parts. Juniors think that must have been what was the matter with the doughnuts at their last party.
- 14—James Hoover petitions the School Board to raise the ceilings.
 - 15—Dr. F. Rearick's new book, "How to Eat," is just off the press. It contains good advice for Thanksgiving.
 - 18—H. Hodgen and H. Barker go after the B. B. Result: H. Barker gets a broken nose and H. Hodgen the B. B.
 - 19—W. Wendt, a confirmed bachelor, takes unprecedented interest in the fair sex and walks to school with Marcella.
 - 20—Sophs vote to boycott the moving picture shows unless the price is lowered.
 - 21—Jerry Hahn advertises turkey shooting for Thanksgiving in Franklin.
 - 24—Thanksgiving vacation.
 - 30—Several absences from W. H. S.

NOVEMBER.

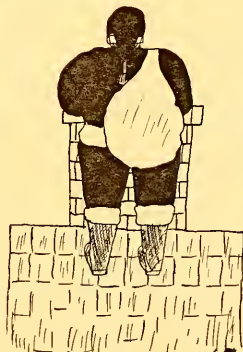
- 4—Miss Hendrickson (Gram. IV.) "You make so much noise I can't tell whether you say you're present or absent."
- 5—Hobe Dennis buys a lemon plantation down in Beaver.
- 6—Juniors begin to think about their play.
- 7—Frank Boyle, Freshman, gets a note. He sits and looks helplessly at it.
- 10—"Heine" Grabner falls in the attic. Freshmen fear an earthquake has struck the building.
- 11—Addis Fritz in Boys' Chorus clears his throat as if he were going to sing.
- 13—Prof. Rittenhouse declares the whole is greater than

DECEMBER.

- 1—Mary J. recites in Hist. IV. Mary J. recites again in Hist. IV. Mary J. recites third time in Hist. IV. O, di immortales, what's going to happen?
- 4—Wanted a cushion for Joe Boyle's head in Gram. IV.
- 8—Freshmen discuss the party question.
- 9—G. (in Hist. IV.) "Time and tide wait for no little Mary!"
- 10—Joseph Patrick Boyle says the Home Rule Bill **must** pass. Hurrah for Ireland!
- 11—Freshmen decide to have a party.
- 15—Prof. G. (in assembly) "Ross is such a good-looking boy and has such trouble with his girls over there.
- 16—Miss Harker in Boys' Chorus tells Gill Gordon his lungs are a gold mine. Gill immediately takes an X-ray examination.
- 17—Rittenhouse's little yellow tablet much in evidence.
- 18—Christmas program. Magnificent voices. Smithly you'll be a Caruso yet!
- 19—Christmas vacation. Mr. G. makes a Thanksgiving speech.

JANUARY.

- 2—Werner and Carey each get a penny from Mr. Geiser for being here on time. Must have made some N. Y's resolutions.
- 5—Jennings Vurpillat recites well for the first time this year.



DEC.



JAN.

J.B.

6—Prof. G. quotes Lincoln whom he says everyone ought to know. "Four-score and ten years ago our forefathers brought forth on this land a new continent—" Wonder why he quit?

7—Alta F. smiles at Bill M. Violet S. smiles at Bill M. Bill's popularity is growing.

12—Prof. G. tells Katie B. to keep away from the boys.

13—Mary J. informs us that Lief Ericson invented the "Monitor."

19—New supervisor in Girl's Chorus. Harker's favorite cat.

20—Prof. G. threatens to lock "the heathens" from the building.

21—Doors locked—kids climb fire escape.

22—Fire escape boxed—kids climb in the windows.

23—Windows locked—kids fly in!

24—Yale locks appear on doors. R. heard to say, "Now we flied em."

27—Solos and impersonations in Music II. by Lillian Cox.

28—Prof. G. (to Seniors): "Now don't any of you get married before a justice of the peace. If you do, you won't get a present from me, or even my best wishes!"

29—According to the latest authority on the subject, (W. Cox) the "partial cystum" (parcel system) is the greatest current event of 1913.

30—Sea-dog Long (better known as "Ham") has just returned from his expedition to the North Pole. He says he prefers suspenders to such a cold belt.

31—Seniors have a party at Freshies' expense.

FEBRUARY.

3—Miss Frazier on assembly duty (Monday) turns on alarm to wake her up at the end of the period.

4—Juniors begin their play with Harold Dennis as "Romeo" and Ocie Lowry as "Juliet"—only its "The Kingdom of Heart's Content."

5—Mr. G. tells us the panic of 1837 killed Van Buren dead.

6—Fred Linn investigates Ocie L's sewing satchel.

6—Prof. Vurpillat is summoned by Miss Harker to show the Sophs how to sing.

10—Mr. Rittenhouse buys a revolver. He fires at a target, and, rushing forward into the backyard to ascertain the velocity of the bullet, he is accidentally wounded.

11—Miss Hendrickson, we are informed, reads her Bible "according to John."

12—Geo. Key, while currying his Virgil pony one morning, accidentally found a spondu. Alarmed lest the steed be seriously affected, he immediately sent for H. D.—not Harold Dennis, but Horse Doctor.

13—The Seniors in selecting a back for their "Totem" almost decided upon old rose as a fitting tribute to Mr. Rittenhouse's blushes.

16—Heard from the platform: "Monday morning is a bad morning for the girls, but ought not be for you boys."

17—Miss Hendrickson calls for order: "Verbum sapientibus satis est! Heu! superque." Julius dint.

18—Time: 5 after 1. J. Seidel scratches his head. Five fingers after one?

23—"Biffer" is "disclaimed" by Marcella. Poor Biffer!

24—Found—the Shine—ing Lari spoken of in "Miller's Wooing. She just came from Hammond.



FEB.

J.B.

- 25—Several Freshmen were seen tearing up the hall steps!
 26—Reformation of W. H. S.
 27—Prof. G. "Time's worth money." Fred R. "I'm rich."

MARCH



MAR.

done up by Katie Brown and Hon. Geo. W. Key gives advice to future M. D's.

- 10—Hurry, hurry, children! Get your pictures taken! Only two weeks' more time!
 11—"Kink" Mitchell exhibits his gracefulness by falling over the banisters.
 12—Levi F. (preparing to take "Chubby" Shaw to church on a rainy night): "I wonder if I hadn't better take two umbrellas?"
 16—Eng. IV. edited by the ringing patriotism of "Massachusetts to Virginia" and a ride in the "One Hoss Shay."
 17—Seniors in Lab. (reading directions) "After the needle stops swinging, violently read the deflection. We're going to get Smithy.

- 2—Note: In this calendar we purposely omit Sunday for the benefit of Julius, Dudley, Homer and Jennings.
 3—Jennings decides to go in swimming and Mr. G. sends him home to mamma.
 5—Miss Hendrickson in Vergil asks Lorah S. where her fifth foot is.
 6—At completion of a paragraph in Emerson advocating Woman's Rights a voice (Mabel S.) was heard to say: "That's the way to talk, Emerson!"
 9—In our regular Monday morning program Ruth M. recites "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Things are

- 18—Roland Riddick visits school—and Erma Kistler!
 19—Ross Wills feels! ! ! the wrath of Rittenhouse.
 20—"Ham" Long took a nap to-day. But not for long. Only until Miss Hendrickson could get around.
 23—Why did Jennings' face turn such a "lively hue" when Ruth asked for "Forsaken?"
 24—Seniors are entertained by "Pied Piper of Hemelin" as played by Room 11.
 25—Hodgen is seen walking about the halls of W. H. S. with a lady's glove attached to his coat tail. Wonder who gave him the mitten?
 26—Nina Aery and Violet Metz visit during recess their contemporaries (Room I.)
 27—Seniors decide to play "Green Stockings."
 30—All's quiet in the Assembly Room. Peace is disturbed by—a snore! gentle (?) but distinct. Poor Homer! he needs sleep.

APRIL.

- 1—Isn't the date enough?
 2—Teachers' vacation. Also pupils'.
 6—The Freshman girls wear their hair in curls. The effect, however, is spoiled by the weather, all but the Gypsy Owen's.
 7—Levi F. conducted an invisible chorus during study period this morning.
 10—Sure-cure cough tonic, especially prescribed for H. S. students. Apply to M. G.
 13—Pop! pop! pop! Little gun-

- powders all over assembly floor. Mr. G. gets warmer and warmer.
 16—Excavation for new H. S. building begun.



APR. 4, MAY.



18—Mary J.: "Listen! Hears as tho' I seen a bell." Mary's tongue must be crooked.

22—R. (in boys' basement.) "Boys, don't yell above a whisper!"

24—Roy (in response to Miss Harker's shake) "It isn't time to get up yet, is it, Dad?"

30—Miss Hendrickson, "To what class of Nineteenth Century authors did Thackeray belong." Dud, (low voice) "poorest class."

MAY.

1—Miss F. (Eng. IV.) "Harry, what does this mean? Every shepherd tells his tale, under the hawthorn in the dale," Harry, siezed with sudden inspiration and grinning joyously, "Tale of love I imagine, don't you?"

4—Sophs have write up on Mexican situation. Gladys K. (seeking information) "Addis, what happened last at Mexico?"

Addis F.: "Wasn't the last thing Madero killed Diaz."

8—The circus is comin' to town. All the little Freshies expect to have bad colds and get a permit to go to—mamma or the circus?

14—Ross Wills is reported to have visited the Aery spheres and returned with a badly sprained arm.

15—"Green Stockings."

16—What's everybody saying "Eh, eh, what?" "God bless my soul." Oh, just mementos of "Green Stockings."

25—Baccalaureate sermon.

27—Commencement. Seniors get such big heads they can hardly get them on the stage.

28—Teachers give Seniors their parting blessing.

29—Seniors weep a few parting tears as they leave W. H. S. forever.

Impossible For—

Pearl to stay away from the dictionary when she has a new dress on.

James to keep from being an aristocrat.

Miss Harker to keep from being a second Penelope.

Erma to stay in a good humor for half a day.

Miss Hendrickson to keep her eyes open on Monday morning.

Kink Mitchell to look the world in the face.

Tommy Smith to get a haircut twice a year.

Dutch Morrison to keep from flagging the trains of a night.

George Key to recite within less than half an hour.

Walter Wendt to bend his face.

Barker to see anything but stars (Stellas).

Harry Smith to have bright thoughts on account of his ears holding his skull too tightly upon his head.

Marcella to get her mind off Henry Grabner.

Mary Jackson to get a lesson.

Tommy Galbreath to keep from swearing.

Ruth Freeman to find a ribbon that will show red against her hair.

Dorothea to sneeze.

Miss Frazier to look older than a Senior.

James Hoover to have low thoughts.

Rittenhouse to keep his feet still and his brain working. One controls the other.

Lorena to keep from giggling for ten minutes.

Agnes G. to find a little boy to love.

Geiser to keep from expressing his opinion.

Mr. Capouch to sew on bachelor buttons.

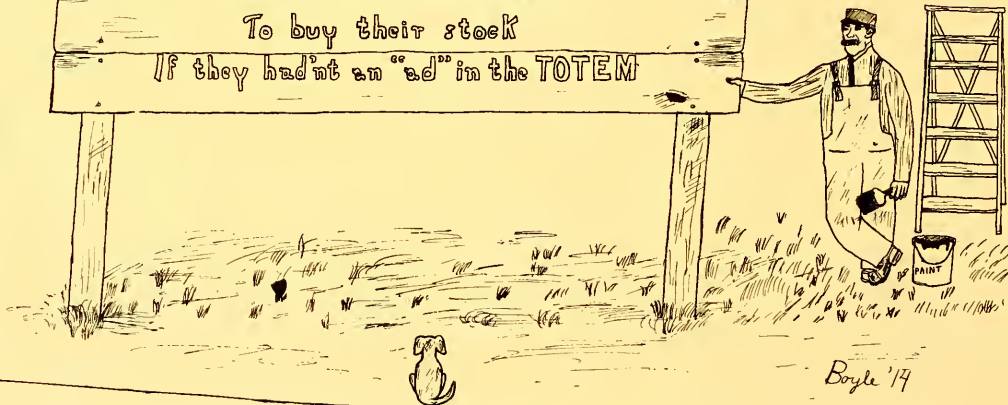
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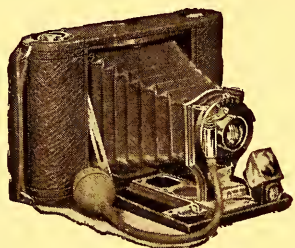
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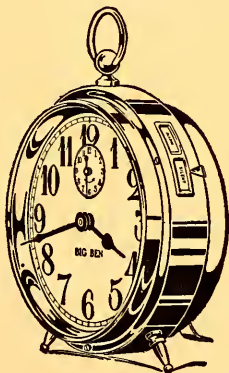
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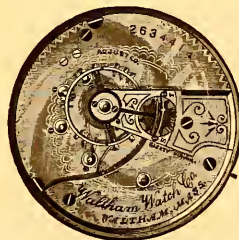
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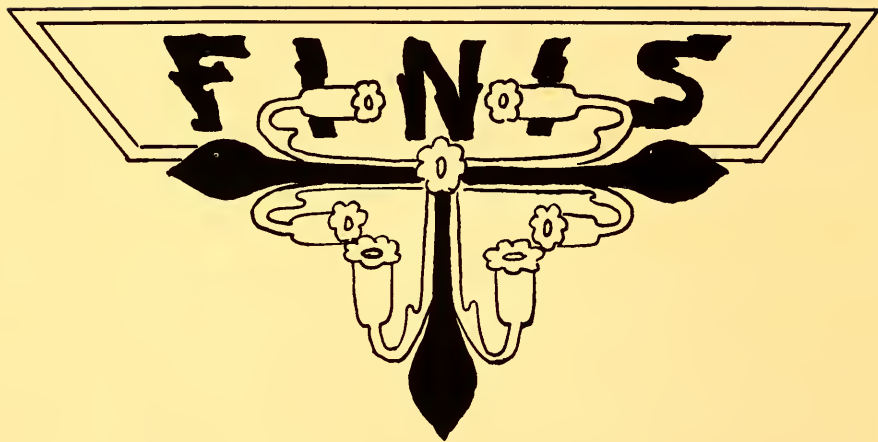
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